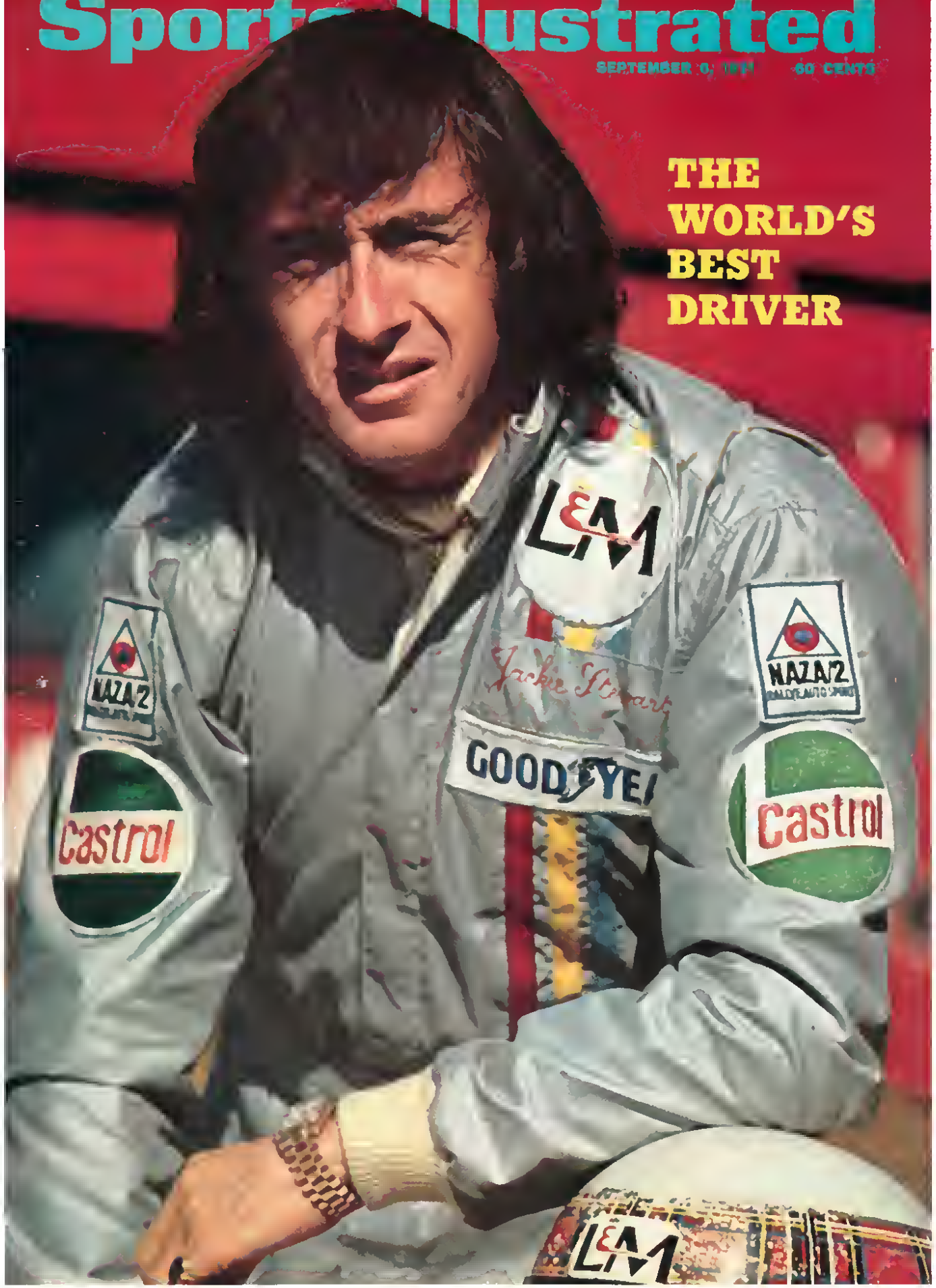
Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 6, 1971 60 CENTS

THE WORLD'S BEST DRIVER



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A common Volkswagen Beetle

According to the Official Used Car Directory,* a 1969 Beetle that sold new for only around $2000 still sells used for around $1550 in 1971.

Our tip really isn't a revelation.

Seasoned traders have known that since a Beetle requires very little upkeep, you don't have to make big investments in oil and gas issues

And every Beetle is sealed underneath so the bottom won't suddenly fall out of your market

And what other 3-year-old car can be sold honestly with the words: "It looks just like new."

When we introduced the Beetle in 1949, a lot of car makers did sell us short

Now they're trying to make their own.

We'd guess after 23 years and 18 million Volkswagens, somebody out there has spotted a trend.

*Buy issue of NADA

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Next week

COLLEGE FOOTBALL moves on stage once again as bands, cheerleaders and teams get ready for what promises to be an exciting season. Dan Jenkins discusses the increasing burdens of the coach, then comes a colorful sampling of that profession's top echelon, followed by a look at Nebraska's Bob Devaney by John Underwood. Our selection of the Top 20 will comfort some and provoke others—as will additional scouting reports on the leading conferences, independents and small colleges. Along with this, full coverage of the week's sports news.

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FOOTLOOSE

A Pismo clam, the Heathcliff of bivalves, is a tempestuous treat worth wading for

The California coastline between Los Angeles and San Francisco is a rich and variegated bag. Beyond the weathered chic of upper Malibu, the northbound traveler encounters such delights as the world's largest split-pea emporium, the Hearst castle, a rocket-launch complex, a body-awareness ranch and, not the least of these, the clam capital of the West, Pismo Beach. It is a place well worth a side pilgrimage for the California-bound nomad.

Pismo Beach and its clam are more inexorably linked than most cities and their byproducts—than, say, Atlantic City and its taffy or Chicago and its jazz. Just at the outskirts of town you are reminded of this union. There, a civic art object, a Pismo clam more than 10 times life-size, molded in dull cement, greets the arriving motorist. The clam is inscrutable, the very embodiment of the gray eminence. Later, in one of the back lots of Pismo Beach, you may see its cement antecedent or successor (perhaps its mate?) lying on its cement side among the ryegrass and ice-cream wrappers.

The streets of Pismo Beach are medium-sized, desultory. The houses are wooden or stucco and squat, and between them the earth is covered with trumpet flowers, phlox and stock. Sweet peas anything that blooms. Your first dinner in town, at Plessa's or Neptune's, will almost certainly include the stuffed Pismo clam. The gummy, wonderful sludge clings to your teeth even through dessert. Afterward, you stroll back to your motel, and the mood is kept alive as you pass the public library. Someone has stenciled a clam on its front window.

Next morning, if the tide is right, you check out your prey. If you have searched for the cockle or the gaper or the quahog, or even the tiny bean clam, you know that clamming usually means digging around in a muddy flat with trowel and rake. But the Pismo is a tempestuous rascal, the Heathcliff of bivalves. It shuns the calm lagoons for the temperamental, ragged edges of the Pacific. It is sullen, elusive game.

At the beginning of this century, farmers came to the Pismo tidal flats and plowed up these succulent creatures to be used as feed for their livestock. Clam diggers are only slightly less predatory, in one gluttonous weekend a few years ago they dug up and carted away 37½ tons of the mollusks. Life is not easy if you are a clam.

The result of this has been to limit the clam's habitat. The clammer must now wade far out into the surf, even at low tide, to rake for his supper. And there you are, bound and shackled by your clam net, raking away in impotent rage with a bent spading fork and getting regularly swamped by Pacific rollers. After some hours of this you may have unearthed your legal limit—10 clams, all over 4½ inches long.

To tame the rugged Pismo for the table it is necessary to do some carving. A knife between the shells severs the adductor muscles, allowing you to open and rinse the clam under running water. The adductors are eaten raw, the soft foot sautéed in butter and garlic with parsley and served with hot French bread and cold white wine. Chop up the trimmings for stuffing or chowder.

Like its coastline habitat, the Pismo clam is a mutable feast.

—CAROLYN SEE

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23. Windshield washer.
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25. Dome light.
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28. Parcel shelf.
29. 30-foot turning circle.
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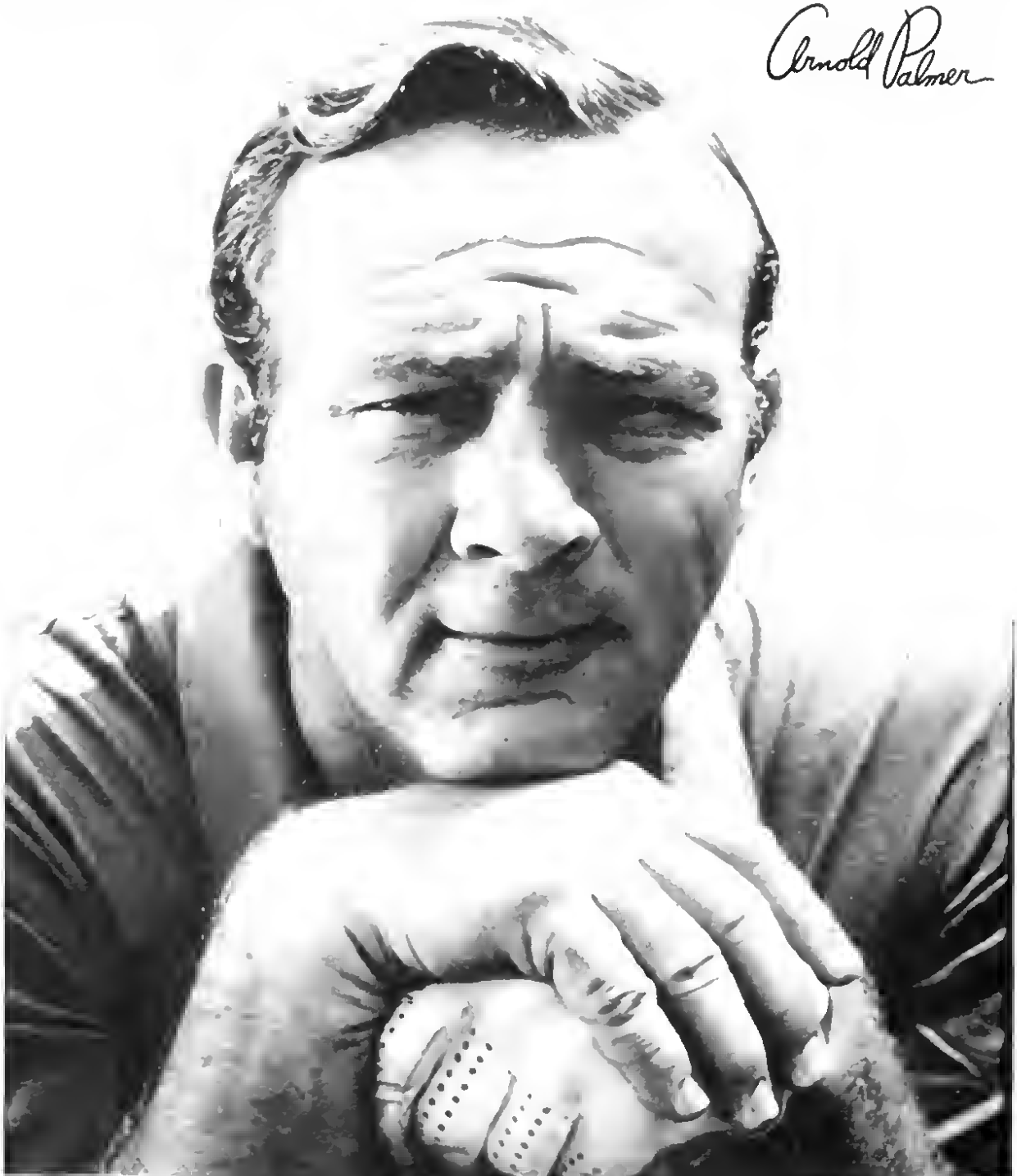
15,000 volunteers are now working at every golf course in the U.S.A. for GOLF'S TRIBUTE TO IKE, so when they ask, please make a tax deductible gift of $10, or as much more as you wish, in memory of President Eisenhower.

But if you prefer, you can mail your check to GOLF'S TRIBUTE TO IKE, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, marked for my attention. All contributors will receive a souvenir tag usable on your luggage or golf bag together with a hitherto unpublished portrait of the General suitable for framing."

Arnold Palmer



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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

BAD DEAL

The National Football League would like the public to believe that it is vigilantly safeguarding pro football from any possible taint. This image does not always coincide with the facts. Take the case of Johnny Robinson, an All-Pro safety for the Kansas City Chiefs. He owns half the stock in a corporation which last December bought a Kansas City swim and tennis club from one Edward P. Osadchey. As president of the corporation, Robinson signed a promissory note for $275,000 to be paid back to Osadchey and his wife at 8% interest over a nine-year period.

Osadchey, also known as Eddie Spitz, has two convictions, the most recent in 1964 when he and four others were convicted of conspiring to defraud the Government of taxes on alcohol while operating the very club Robinson bought. In 1950 Osadchey was identified by a federal grand jury as involved in six separate gambling operations in Kansas City. Last year he was one of 54 men listed by the Kansas City Crime Commission as "clearly members of the Kansas City Syndicate, fellow travelers, cronies or associates or dupes of the 'outfit.' "

Nonetheless, after an investigation following Robinson's request for league approval of the deal, the NFL "determined that the transaction [was] nothing more than a simple purchase of property and [that there was] no sufficient cause for taking drastic action or directing Robinson to divest himself of the property."

The NFL's investigation was conducted by Eugene Waechter, a former FBI agent who works for the league part-time. Waechter's other occupation is assistant to the president of Pro-Forma, Inc., which has a number of pro athletes, including 30 Chief players, under contract for commercials, endorsements, etc. The president of Pro-Forma is Jim Tyrer, the Chiefs' offensive tackle.

When questioned by Harry Jones Jr. of *The Kansas City Times*, Waechter said no conflict of interest was involved. Jim Kensil, the NFL's executive director, agreed, stating it was advantageous to have an investigator who was close to the players.

The Kansas City Crime Commission, which made its own investigation of the transaction, advised the NFL that the deal "was not in the best interests of professional football or the Kansas City Chiefs." The league's intemperate reply: "It is unfortunate that a volunteer organization should see fit to issue self-serving statements which tend to confuse rather than clarify the situation."

At the risk of being similarly rebuked, let *us* clarify. First, it is surely ill-advised to employ as an investigator one whose livelihood is so closely connected with those of the players he may be called upon to investigate. Even more to the point, it would seem indefensible to permit a player—especially one in as sensitive a position as safety—to head a company in debt to an underworld character like Osadchey.

WHERE'S THE SUPREME COURT?

The University of California and the University of Arkansas will open the football season at Little Rock on Sept. 11. In their game contract is a sentence that reads: "The players must be eligible under the rules of the National Collegiate Athletic Association and their two respective conferences."

Forget it. The sentence will be ignored. California plans to play Isaac Curtis, halfback, whose presence on Cal teams has caused the NCAA to place Cal on indefinite probation with full sanctions. Arkansas' athletic director, George R. Cole, says he will enter no objection if Curtis plays.

What happened is that California made a botch of Curtis' passage through the college board entrance exams, in which an athlete must establish to the NCAA that he can do 1.6 work in college. Curtis never did take the exam, but he has since done better than passing work, which is good enough for California. The NCAA, though, adamantly permits no exceptions to its 1.6 rule.

The oversight came to the attention of the NCAA about a year ago. In a meeting in January the NCAA infractions committee deprived California of points scored by Curtis in the 1970 NCAA track meet. He is a world-class sprinter with a legitimate 9.3 to his credit for the 100-yard dash. The loss of his points cost California its NCAA track title.

But California did not bar Curtis from football last fall nor from track again last spring. So, a week ago, the NCAA put California on indefinite probation until such time as it is found to be in compliance with the 1.6 rule.

If California were a member of the Southwest Conference it would be barred forever from using Curtis. But it is a member of the Pacific Eight, which holds: "There shall be no central enforcement agent or agency in this conference." The bylaws specifically prohibit the Pacific Eight executive director from any investigative or enforcement activities. If questions do arise, they are to be settled between the two schools affected. Only if they cannot agree is the case brought to the executive director, who then may present it at a conference meeting, where voting procedures begin.

And if it all seems like a mess, you are quite right.

HALITOSIS IN HARNESS

Harness-racing horses, like thoroughbreds, are tested for drugs, of course, but so are their drivers. The purpose is to find out if the driver has taken aboard enough alcohol to endanger others in the race. He is required to blow into a machine called a Breathalyzer and, if it registers .05% or more, he is reported to the paddock judge and denied permission to race that day. Sometimes he is fined, too, or set down from driving for a few days.

At The Meadows, a track in the hills of western Pennsylvania near Pittsburgh, Driver Al Jasperson came to the paddock, took his test and seored a reading of .095%, then insisted, against all the evidence, that he had not been drinking. Instead, he said, he had just sprayed his mouth with a breath sweetener—a "concentrated golden breath spray," no less. To prove it, he blew into the Breathalyzer a second time, whereupon the machine showed his breath had dropped to an acceptable .02%. The effect of the

continued

spray was wearing off, he assured the official. The latter, Sam Marcolini, tried the spray himself and hit a reading of .12%, but a mere .015% five minutes later.

Paddock Judge Joe Hutchison listened to the story, sprayed his mouth heavily and hit a remarkable .68%. In five minutes his reading had dropped to .04%.

The rule now is that "should any driver use the mouth spray as an excuse for having a positive reading, we would have him wait 10 minutes after the first reading before giving him a second test." Booze, it would seem, has more staying power.

ONE FOR THE BOOKS

Phil Jackman of the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, official scorer at an Orioles-Twins game, had a problem. Should he credit Gary Eisenberg, right-field ball boy for the Orioles, with an assist?

The Orioles were leading 3–1 in the fifth inning with a runner, Dave McNally, on first base when Don Buford lined a shot just inside the foul line. Umpire John Stevens signaled foul—but yelled fair.

Rich Reese, playing first for the Twins, chased the ball, but Eisenberg, noting the umpire's gesture, assumed the ball was foul and picked it up.

"Put it down," Reese screamed to the ball boy. "It's in play!" The boy dropped the ball; Reese picked it up and threw to the plate, where McNally was tagged out.

"The Orioles complained that the boy picked up the ball," Umpire Stevens said, "but I was so busy signaling fair that actually I didn't see him."

So the ball was fair, the runner was out—and Jackman scored the play 10-3-2.

KISS OF DEATH

The mosquito-plagued outdoorsman has something to look forward to, though his wife may not appreciate it. The National Geographic Society reports that garlic is death to mosquitoes and that entomologists are trying to find out just how it kills, with a view toward developing a better insecticide than types that are judged to be ecologically harmful.

Throughout its history, ever since the Crusaders brought it back to Western Europe, magical properties have been ascribed to garlic. Survivors of the Black Death believed they escaped because of the garlic they chewed. Some have held it to be an aphrodisiac and a cure for mad-dog bites, leprosy and athlete's foot. And Eleanor Roosevelt attributed her fine memory to the three chocolate-covered garlic pills that she ate each morning at breakfast.

A certain delicacy in the use of garlic is admired by gourmets. Queen Victoria's Italian chef chewed garlic, then breathed on his salads. Not for him that crude business of rubbing the bowl with it.

Try breathing some on the next mosquito you encounter.

FOR THE ILL-DRESSED SHUTTERBUG

It is a rare news photographer who goes to work looking as if he had his suits tailored on Savile Row. Or even as if he owned a suit. The thing is to wear gear

that can accommodate all the gadgets that go with the trade and will not be unduly damaged while climbing telephone poles and dodging rhinoceroses.

But in Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens, where employees are required to wear a black tie to some events, photographers who look as if they dressed hurriedly in the darkroom will henceforth be denied entrance.

"Some photographers appear at the Gardens in rather a slovenly condition," Stan Obodiac, publicity director, advised Toronto sports editors in a recent communiqué. "Since they work the prime section at the Gardens, they are more evident to the general public."

This sartorial stance is not altogether new to the Gardens. Rather it is a throwback to Conn Smythe, who built the arena and ruled as absolute despot of the Maple Leafs until 10 years ago, when he sold out to his son and some associates. Smythe insisted that his players wear shirts and ties whenever they appeared in public, even when they came to practice. Reporters who covered the hockey team were refused admission to dressing rooms unless they were attired to Smythe's taste. Only last year Coach John McLellan reprimanded reporters on the hockey beat for letting their hair grow long and not wearing ties.

Still, reporters are not photographers. The Leafs have conquered many adversaries in their turbulent history, but they may yet rue the day that they challenged such sensitive, artistic—not to mention aggressive—souls as press photographers.

KINDERGARTEN AT UNM

The University of New Mexico is offering the usual variety of noncredit evening courses this fall, but a new one is "spectator football." And while most courses, ranging from "adobe building" to "woodworking," cost $35 or more, this one is being introduced at a loss-leader price of $25. What's more, ladies can bring their husbands for only $10 extra. Or vice versa.

Bill Weeks, former head coach of the UNM Lobos, says he will approach the course "as if the students know nothing." He will begin with the various positions ("You be the halfback, Mrs. Pinkley") and walk the students through the various plays. Such arcane topics as onside kicks and Howard Cosell will be explained later.

THEY SAID IT

- Ed Murphy, assistant basketball coach at New Mexico State, on modern vs. old-time recruiting: "Twenty years ago all you had to do was tell a mother how good her pecan pie was and you got her seven-foot son and a pie a month for four years. Now you take Mom and Dad to the Waldorf, where they order lobster because they have already tried everything else on the menu with 16 other coaches."
- Gene Shue, coach of the Baltimore Bullets, on radio broadcasts of hockey games: "It's like listening to a description of one continuous mistake." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 6, 1971

HEADS ROLL

AT HEAD TO HEAD

Most of the big names were eliminated early in the PGA's new man-to-man tournament, and the eventual winner was DeWitt who? **by DAN JENKINS**

Down in a dark, cozy forest last week, near the end of a golf tournament with the world's longest proper name—the Liggett & Myers Inc Tournament Players' Division U S Professional Match Play Championship—any spectator who took the game casually was forced to ask himself a serious question Would he rather wander through the pines and gnats of The Country Club of North Carolina to see DeWitt Weaver go 18 with Phil Rodgers or fly out to El Paso and watch Lee Trevino's appendix scar heal?

In terms of drama and a climactic final curtain, the Carolina tournament—let's shorten it to the U.S Match Play—didn't leave the spectators or L&M or television with much reason to tap dance and play the banjo. It had started on Wednesday with 64 top professionals on hand, including the biggest names in golf (except Trevino, of course, who was recovering from his operation, and Billy Casper, who had a virus infection). But the big names melted away and by Sunday the head-to-head tournament had worked itself down to Rodgers, a man who wore his hat brim turned down like a muni player and who hadn't won a tournament in five years, and Weaver, who had never won a tournament in seven years on the tour and who had such a deeply ingrained habit of spraying his tee shots into trees that he bore the underground nickname of Dutch Elm Blight.

Early Sunday a Southern fan pondering the prospect of Weaver meeting Rodgers for the title, and those charisma kids, Ken Still and Bruce Crampton, in a consolation match for third place, said, "Hell, Ah wish I'd gone to Southern Pines airport yesterday and watched Arnold take off. Ah'da got my money's worth." Yet everyhody sort of had the feeling this might happen when plans for the tournament were announced. That was why TV backed away from it for so long and why advance ticket sales were slow. And it was certainly the reason the championship never drew many more people than normally frequent the musty old resort area of Pinehurst Everybody knew the final match would probably pair a DeWitt Weaver and a Phil Rodgers, although the odds were probably more in favor of John Schlee fighting it out with Fred Marti Match play does that Wasn't Toney Penna always eliminating Ben Hogan by 10:30 a.m. on the first day of the old National PGA?

Even so, for people who truly understand and appreciate golf, particularly the fascinating mysteries of m tch play, this new experiment on the PGA tour was well worth following to its conclusion, right down to the last hole on the last day, when Weaver could have knocked down a dozen trees and lost a sleeve of golf balls in the waters of a big black lake without worrying too much about Rodgers catching him. It was a truly exciting event much of the week, often dramatic, at times hilarious, always frustrating, and it just might be that, forgetting the financial bath, the tournament will be more widely discussed in the months to come than anything else that happened in golf in 1971—excepting only Lee Trevino.

The sponsors—and TV and the fans, too would have been ecstatic if Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer could have fought their way into the finals. That was what everybody hoped for on Wednesday until Ray Floyd dusted Nicklaus with a 67. Oh, well, everybody said, Palmer and Floyd won't be too bad on Sunday. Friday took care of that, when Tom Weiskopf dusted Floyd. Oh, well, everybody said, Palmer and Weis-

continued

Jack Nicklaus (above) shot a sub-par 69 the first day but was eliminated by Ray Floyd. Another first-round casualty was Gary Player.

kopf won't be so bad. Saturday morning Bruce Crampton dusted Palmer. Oh, well, everybody said, Crampton and Weiskopf will be O.K. A half hour later Still had dusted Weiskopf. Oh, well, everybody said, a little weakly now, are you ready for Crampton and Rodgers? Saturday afternoon Weaver dusted Crampton. Oh, well, everybody said, what's the movie in Southern Pines?

But that's the way it goes in match play, the original competitive form of golf and in many ways the most engaging. Match play is head-to-head competition, one on one, man to man. In true match play—such as they still use in the British Amateur—two golfers try to see who can win the most holes from each other, and the man who is ahead by more holes than there are remaining on the golf course has captured the match.

The U.S. match play tournament last week, designed by PGA Commissioner Joe Dey in a noble effort to break the monotony of the tour, was not true match play, but match-medal, which is a tougher variation. There can never be a letup on the part of the man who is ahead. He can't walk to the clubhouse triumphantly if he leads his opponent by, say, six strokes with five holes to play. It is his 18-hole total against the other man's, and a six-stroke margin can change drastically in a couple of holes, what with birdies and bogeys and things like that. Match-medal play can be exhausting.

Powerful DeWitt Weaver kept his long drives in the fairway, won his first pro tournament.

As Ray Floyd said after he upset Nicklaus 67 to 69 on the first day, "I feel like I've just played a final round on Sunday trying to beat Jack for the championship. I'm mentally whipped. And I've got five more matches ahead of me, if I keep winning."

Floyd did not like the format, and he probably did the most damage to the tournament by eliminating Nicklaus so early. He also made some disparaging remarks. "The guys who play the best golf here may not win," he said, meaning those who played the best golf against par. He missed the point of the whole thing. This was never meant to be another Pensacola Open at stroke play.

Floyd also made an unfortunate wisecrack about L&M holding a Tuesday pro-am to soften its financial strain. He undiplomatically suggested that L&M shouldn't have held the pro-am, that the tournament should have had 128 players instead of 64 and that it should have started on Tuesday. "L&M will write it all off, anyhow," he was quoted as saying. "Are they going broke?"

Players with perhaps more tact than Floyd and certainly a stronger awareness of where the golf tour's $7 million in purses comes from do not greatly enjoy hearing one of their contemporaries knocking the people who put up the money the pros get rich on. "Anyone who raps a sponsor is just showing his ignorance," said Arnold Palmer, rushing to the defense of high finance. Joe Dey leveled a $200 fine on Floyd for his remarks, and on Friday, with the crowds scowling at him and cheering his opponent, Tom Weiskopf, poor Floyd lost and took leave of the tournament, much to the relief of the sponsors.

Despite Floyd's criticism, the match-play tournament was never a question of who could shoot the hottest golf over four days with par as the enemy. Palmer did just that for the first four rounds—and went home in the midst of the semi-finals. Palmer played marvelous golf against Bruce Devlin, Mike Hill and Dave Eichelberger, firing rounds of 68, 68 and 69—11 under par. But it didn't matter after Saturday morning, when he could manage no better than an even-par 72 against Crampton's three-under 69. He was beaten and he was out of the tournament, a disaster that cast no more of a pall over the area than if the entire championship had been drowned out by tropical storm Doria.

Palmer had shot a 277 for four rounds, better than anyone else. Next was George Knudson with 279—and he was eliminated Saturday morning, too. Next best were Weiskopf, Lou Graham and Ken Still at 284. "Palmer won this thing as far as I'm concerned," said a spectator fiercely loyal to his hero. The two men who made the final, Weaver and Rodgers, were thrashed soundly at 72 holes by Palmer, who was nine strokes lower than the first and 12 strokes lower than the latter.

There were all sorts of jokes about this from the beginning, as the golfers tried to decide how they felt about playing head to head. Nicklaus smiled graciously after his defeat on Wednesday but said, "I played 18 in the pro-am and 18 against Raymond and didn't make a bogey, but I'm going home." When Gary Player lost his first—and only—match at the third extra hole to Homero Blancas, he said, "I've just flown 20,000 miles to make a bogey."

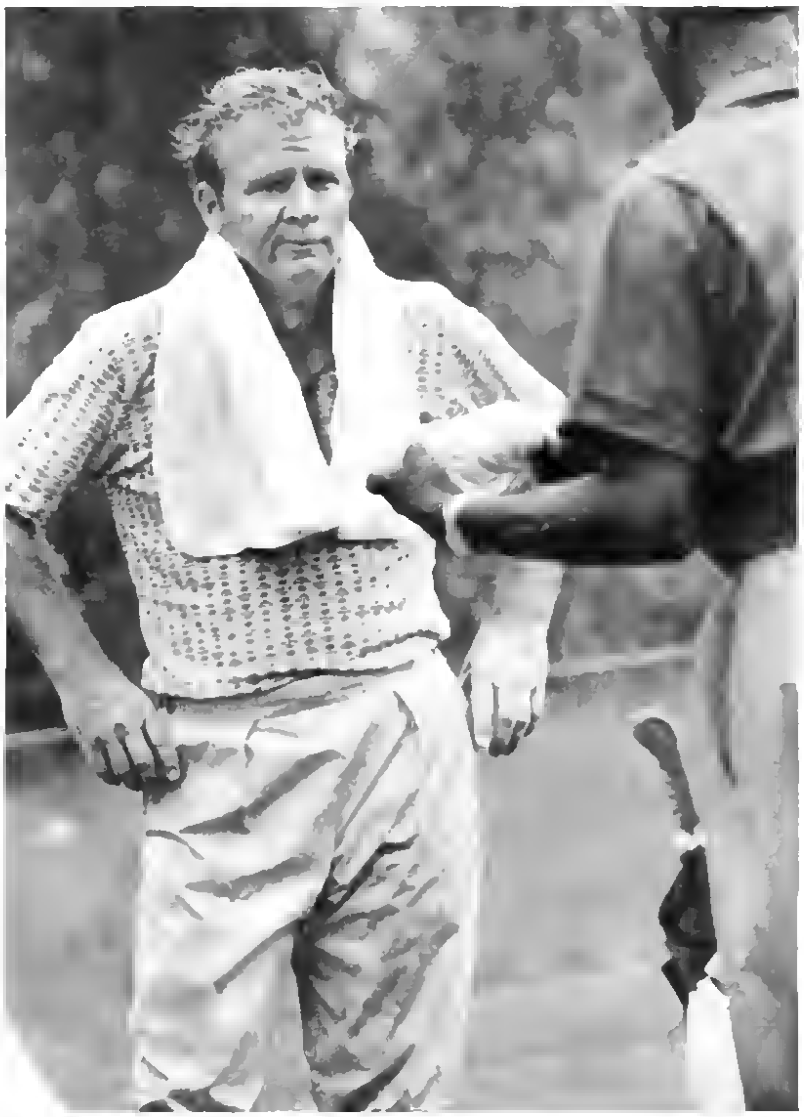
The familiar names of pro golf were disappearing so fast, so soon, that the big Carolina Hotel in Pinehurst, where most were staying, looked as if it were undergoing a constant evacuation. Spectators who didn't get out to the course until Thursday missed seeing not only Nicklaus and Player but Miller Barber, Frank Beard, Bert Yancey, Bob Lunn, Bobby Nichols, Don January, Bob Goalby, George Archer, Gay Brewer, Bob Rosburg, Tommy Aaron, Bruce Devlin, Tom Shaw, Bob Murphy and Dale Douglass. All lost the first day. Those who didn't get out until Friday could add Charles Coody, Doug Sanders, Mason Rudolph, Dave Hill, Larry Hinson, Lionel Hebert and Johnny Miller to the list. Those who arrived Saturday morning had to add Floyd, Julius Boros, Gene Littler, Dave Stockton, Art Wall and Gardner Dickinson.

And those who didn't make it until Saturday noon, when the big hordes usually begin to turn up for most tournaments, missed all these and Palmer, too. They did get to see Crampton, Still, Rodgers and Weaver, of course.

Yet what was left in the end on Sunday were two guys who had managed to play the best golf in the situations and conditions that faced them each day through five successive rounds, which is what match play is about. Weaver and Rodgers had survived, and that was all that mattered. Neither had been pushed to extravagant under-par figures to reach the finals. Each, in fact, had faced only one opponent who had shot as low as 72. Rodgers, who has a bit of the gabby hustler in him, like Trevino, caught Goalby shooting 77, for example, Littler 76 and Still 76. Weaver, the son of the old Texas Tech football coach of the same name and a big hitter when it goes in the right direction, had such soft touches as Sanders at 76 and Crampton at 78. Weaver shot a 77 against Crampton in a battle of catastrophes, which again was the essence of this unique tournament.

In the final match Weaver never had to worry about how many pine limbs his drives might saw off. He caught Rodgers in as horrid a round as he had caught Crampton. Phil just missed equaling the worst nine of the tournament when he went out in 41, compared to DeWitt's one-under 35. So a big bulge was opened up and Weaver's demoralizing length off the tees—which is up there with Jack Nicklaus'—weighed more and more heavily on his opponent, as it no doubt had on others during the week, particularly since he was staying in the fairways most of the time. People aren't used to seeing DeWitt Weaver drive that straight. At least not that often.

When the two reached the 10th tee, even Rodgers was laughing at what had become a laughable climax. He teed up his ball there, sat the *continued*



Stunned Arnold Palmer, 11 under par through four rounds, did not make it to the semifinals.

driver behind it and said loudly, "Say hello to the clubface. You ain't seen it too much today."

By the time ABC's telecast came on the air, the competitors were at the 15th hole and Weaver had a seven-stroke lead. One imagined that Chris Schenkel might be telling his audience, "We've got plenty of action for you today, folks. We'll be going out to Latrobe to watch Arnold Palmer file down an eight-iron and then we'll take you to Palm Beach to watch Jack Nicklaus scrape his boat."

If it had been true match play, Weaver would have closed out the affair at the 13th hole 6 and 5, but this was match-medal so there was still the remote possibility that Rodgers could do unto Weaver what Casper once did unto Palmer over the last nine holes of a U.S. Open playoff. It didn't happen. Weaver played on to a fine 71, while Rodgers slogged home with his disappointing 77.

Thus DeWitt Weaver, the 44th-seeded player in the field, the superwinless nobody, came away with $35,000 and the championship of a tournament that people might learn in time to relish.

If, of course, this wasn't the first and last annual.

AND, IN A PRETTIER PART OF THE FOREST . . .

by JOE JARES

Once, when her two older brothers forced her to retrieve her own wayward tee shots from a Florida water hazard, she was nipped by an alligator. (When her mother disputes this, saying she was merely brushed by the reptile, she will stretch out a tanned, Viking leg and show off the scar.) Those rambunctious brothers also once accidentally broke a bone in her left hand (she points out the spot), and another time, during some innocent roughhousing, one of them knocked out her two front teeth. The survivor of those childhood tribulations is Laura Zonetta Baugh, a sweet 16 Scandinavian Sioux (well, one of her great-grandmothers was ½ Indian) who goes steady with golf, the youngest and surely the prettiest girl ever to win the U.S. Women's Amateur golf championship, which she did last month.

Laura is used to being a wonder child. She was 14 when she won the Los Angeles Women's Amateur by four strokes. At 15, she won it again, finishing eight strokes ahead of the California state amateur champ. That same year she won the championship of her home town, Long Beach, on her second try.

This summer, at 16, she won three tournaments, lost the Girls Western on the last hole and in a quarterfinal match in the U.S. Girls' Junior Championships at Augusta she lost to three-time winner Hollis Stacy in a sudden-death playoff (SI, Aug. 23). Then came her signal victory in the Women's Amateur. After qualifying, Laura fought her way through four pressure matches to reach the grueling 36-hole final, in which she beat Beth Barry by taking the lead on the 33rd hole and halving the last three.

"I never thought she was that good," says California pro George Lake, "but now I'd say she's a women's Ben Hogan. She's absolutely unperturbable!"

Long Beach, which already had given her the key to the city, immediately launched plans for a testimonial banquet aboard the *Queen Mary*, a local boat. Despite all this Laura is only the fourth best golfer in her remarkable family. Her father, Hale Baugh Jr., is a West Point graduate who competed in the pentathlon in the 1948 Olympics, flew bombers in the Korean war and earned an engineering degree and a doctorate in law; a good player, he is the only coach Laura has ever had. Brother Hale III, 23, an accountant in Dallas, attended Florida and North Texas State on golf scholarships and was Florida state junior champion. Brother Beau Baugh, 19, was No. 1 man on the junior college national championship team last year.

Laura was born in Gainesville, Fla. on May 31, 1955, the smidgen of Sioux blood and the unusual middle name coming from her paternal great-grandmother. She took her first swings at three, played in the National Pee Wee Tournament at six, won her age-group championship in the Pee Wee at seven and has been collecting trophies ever since. Five times she won red blazers for Pee Wee titles, once winning by 36 strokes, once by 41. When her parents were divorced three years ago, Laura and her mother moved from Florida to Long Beach, the city that produced the golfing Bauer sisters.

At Wilson High, where she is starting her junior year, Laura is a near straight-A student. Sometimes she gets up at four a.m. to complete her homework before her first class so that the material will be fresh in her mind. Laura also wanted to play on Wilson High's varsity golf team, but the California Interscholastic Federation forbade it, no doubt feeling that coeds should stick to pompon shaking.

"I was a little hurt," she says. "The rule seems silly and outdated. Our schools deserve the best representation possible in any kind of competition."

"Who wouldn't want someone with a four handicap?" says Doc Cure, the Wilson coach. "She probably would be No. 3 on my varsity."

That handicap has since come down to two, but Laura has given up any thoughts of earning a high school letter. She will continue to leave her last class promptly at 1:48 and hurry across the street to the 18-hole municipal course at Recreation Park, where she practices or plays four hours a day, usually with male competitors whose golf is of the same high caliber as her own.

Laura's mother, who gets out and jogs with her daughter to keep in shape, says that sometimes in the winter the sun has set when Laura gets to the 17th and 18th holes, but Mrs. Baugh adds with a smile that she is always on hand to chaperone Laura's after-dark golf. If Laura feels any resentment toward her mother's presence she does not show it.

"All I need to play golf is my clubs and my mom," she says.

Laura often plays with the assistant pro and two other good men golfers, who used to spot her two strokes a side. Not anymore. The foursome has a little ritual: whoever wins a hole gets to pick the tee—ladies', men's, championship—on the next one. When Laura is the winner she picks the championship tee.

"I get more shots into the game that way," she says. "More practice time."

"I never see her without a club in her hand," marvels Ernest deTournillon, the starter. "You mention golf to her, you mention the world." END

Dimpled Laura Baugh ran gleefully when she became Women's Amateur champion at 16.

THE NAME OF THE GAME IS O.J.

Buffalo's new offense—O.J. right, O.J. left and, occasionally, O.J. up the middle—is O.K. by O.J.

by EDWIN SHRAKE

O. J. Simpson. Remember him? Big, graceful guy in a red and gold uniform. Used to carry the ball 30, 40 times a game for USC. Nearly always made 100 yards, sometimes 200. Tremendous drive, 9.4 speed, tough enough to take the shots and come right back. Alltime All-America. Won the Heisman Trophy. Going to be All-Pro as sure as a wolf will eat a chicken. So, what happened? He went to Buffalo and disappeared. Sort of like he fell into a snowbank, maybe with just his shoes sticking out, and people would come by and say, "I think that's O.J. in there, but I don't see enough of him to know for certain."

Two entire football seasons have gone by since Simpson became a pro, and he has done hardly any of the things many thought he would do—like gain 1,000 yards rushing, lead the league in kickoff returns and in scoring, be recognized as an authentic superstar. This is particularly galling to O.J. because he knows in his heart that he *is* an authentic superstar, and that it is partly his own fault he hasn't shown it. "The last two years I was playing football just for the money," he said last week as the Bills prepared to meet the Falcons in Atlanta. "I couldn't wait for the season to end so I could get out of Buffalo and go back home. Well, man, I finally realized that was no way to be. I had to get my mind right and go to work."

Early this summer Simpson and several other Bills, including Quarterback Dennis Shaw, got together near their homes in California and agreed to quit complaining about Buffalo and about their head coach, John Rauch. Whether they would have been able to stick to the Rauch part is dubious, since he was not likely to have altered what the players considered a weird fondness for meetings, long workouts and rule making. In particular, Simpson felt Rauch was misusing him, not letting him run enough, making him run off tackle or

up the middle too often, frequently sending him far downfield as a pass receiver to whom the ball was seldom thrown.

But before Simpson and most of the other veterans arrived at the Buffalo training camp at Niagara University, Rauch solved one problem for them in astounding fashion. On a TV show he had criticized two popular Buffalo players—one recently retired, the other traded—and Bills Owner Ralph Wilson told Rauch he was going to make a statement defending them. "If you do that, get yourself another coach," said Rauch, a rash statement for a man whose team had lost 20 of 28 games in the past two seasons.

That afternoon, Simpson ran into Harvey Johnson, the Bills' director of player personnel. "Uncle Harvey, how you doing, man?" said O.J.

"I am now the coach," said Johnson, "and we now have a new offense. It is called O.J. left, O.J. right and, occasionally, O.J. up the middle."

Then Johnson noticed Simpson's mighty Afro and new mustache, which looked like sideburns growing on his chin. "What are you doing with that hair on your face?" he said.

"My wife likes it," O.J. said.

"Don't fumble," said Johnson.

Despite the fact that the Bills blamed most of their troubles on their coach, as losers often do, Rauch was the same man who had a 33-8-1 record and an AFL title at Oakland. The Bills were young, thin at some positions and in transition from the tough old bulldog teams of the mid-'60s to the greyhounds of today. Also, last year they had a rookie quarterback, Shaw, and several serious injuries—one of which, in the eighth game, put O.J. out for the season.

At the time Simpson had an astonishing 48-yard average on kickoff returns. But opponents had quit kicking to him. So for the Cincinnati game the Bills used a trick return. Simpson lined up on the right and ran all the way across the field to catch the ball. Recalls Simpson, "Going up the sideline, I got hit and couldn't pull away and couldn't fall because a guy was on my legs, and they kept coming and hitting me like I was a dummy punching bag, and I had to be carried off the field."

He was taken to Buffalo General Hospital for surgery on his left knee. "I woke up the next morning feeling sorry for myself," he says. "I was reading the paper and it said in the headline SIMPSON DOESN'T NEED SURGERY. Idiot press, I thought, can't they get anything right? But then I started wondering and pulled off the bandage and the splint, and there was my whole knee with no cut in it."

The damage was, in fact, a tear in the back of the knee, and the prognosis was rest. Simpson went home to Bel Air and got a role in a movie about an encounter session. In May he started lifting weights and made up his mind to accept his lot with Rauch and to work hard.

"I admire Rauch to a certain extent," says O.J., "because he won't ever back down on anything to anybody. But Harvey has made the game fun again. We work hard when we work, but he gives us a lot of free time. He's done away with much of the senseless stuff and the boredom. This game is changing fast, or at least the athletes are. These days a pro athlete wants to be paid for playing, not for acting like he's in military school. Yelling and fussing all the time and making you stand in line and get up for breakfast when you don't want to, all that stuff won't go down anymore. A player wants to be treated like a man. If he fouls up, get rid of him."

Although Johnson coached 12 games at Buffalo in 1968 after Joe Collier was fired, he was dumfounded when Ralph Wilson said, "Harvey, it's yours again." With that, Johnson decided he might as well take up coaching as a career and try to make it as pleasant as possible. One of the first things he did was tell his assistants they didn't have to work till midnight every night. "If you guys love to look at walls, go look at somebody else's," he said. Then he started whittling down Rauch's complicated offense. "The idea is to eliminate mistakes," Johnson says. "If I'm still here next year the offense will be even simpler. And of course I want to get the ball to O.J. in broken-field situations as often as possible."

This is clearly a sound idea. In the four exhibition games Buffalo has played to date, of which it lost two, including last week's 35-24 defeat at the hands of Atlanta, Simpson turned eight fairly short passes into 194 yards and four touchdowns. He also ran 35 times from scrimmage for a 5.0 average and another touchdown.

In 1970 Simpson caught only 10 passes. "I couldn't understand it," he says. "Take Wayne Patrick, now, our fullback. He's a heck of a fullback, weighs 250 pounds, good strong runner. But if we ran 20 screen passes, 18 of them would go to Wayne. I thought they ought to be throwing flares and screens to me so I could run in the broken field, but that just wasn't the plan.

"I'm being used now the way I was used in junior college—traps, reverses, sweeps, screens, flares—and I really like it. At USC I hit the holes quick and straight ahead, and once in a while broke a long run"—he smiles—"in a TV game. But I think the way we're doing it now is the best way for me. We've got plenty of speed, good, fast outside receivers—I'd say we could put together a 440 relay team that could beat any team in pro football—so the other clubs can't give me too much special attention. Jan White is coming on as a tight end, really blasting people, and you can't have a good running game unless you've got a tight end who can block. So I'm happy now, man. I'm having fun playing football. My first two years here I figured I'd play out my five, take my pension and quit. Now I'm thinking about playing eight years or 10 if I can make it."

Simpson is trying to become a team leader, too. "The leadership is swinging to the younger guys," he says. "It's like with the hair. Look around." When you do, you see poodle heads, sheepdogs, Sundance Kids. "The younger guys are stepping out," O.J. says. "The hair means the younger guys are not going to be inhibited, they're going to assert themselves. Of course, there's different ways to lead. I try to be a holler guy. J. D. Hill [a wide receiver], too. He's a rookie, but he's cocky and good. Some older guys like Joe O'Donnell [a guard] lead by action. And Dennis Shaw, he's a leader, his own boss, he lets you know you better get to work. Dennis is so cool it's fantastic. He's the same man whether he's in there eating dinner or it's third and seven."

The weights O.J. lifted to help mend his knee also put 15 solid pounds on him, and he hopes to play at 215; he stands 6' 2". "When I used to get tired in a game, it was my back and not my legs," he says. "My back is stronger now. We've got these beautiful red, white and blue uniforms, and most of our backs and ends wear white shoes. Man, at last I feel like we're ready to fly." END

WE EXPECT THEM TO STORM THE GATES

Faced with a staggering deficit, Philadelphia is eliminating sports in all its schools, and Mark Shedd, among other city officials, is braced for trouble

by RON FIMRITE

"It was the seniors who for some reason always seemed to cheer the loudest for all of Bartram's teams and for Bartram itself. Perhaps knowing that it was our last year in high school made us more responsive to the cheerleaders, the color guard and the band."—Bartram High School 1969 yearbook, Philadelphia.

On Thanksgiving Day this year Philadelphia's Central and Northeast High Schools would have met in football for the 75th time, perpetuating a rivalry that began in 1892 and is said to be the oldest between public high schools in the nation. On the same day Frankford High would have played Northeast Catholic, a public-parochial school neighborhood tradition that dates to 1927.

All of this—the games, the cheerleaders, the color guards, the bands, even the yearbooks preserving memories that grow fonder by the decade—may now be at an end in Philadelphia. Last June the city's school board, faced with an immense deficit in its $360 million budget, voted to discontinue all extracurricular activities in the 285 public schools. When the scholastic year begins next week there are to be no after-school activities—no art, music and journalism programs and no sports, either interscholastic or intramural. The savings, School Superintendent Mark Shedd says, will amount to $4.5 million, which helps some but not nearly enough. The school system still figures to run $35 million in the red this year.

Philadelphia's problem is becoming an increasingly familiar one. Across the country—in Cincinnati, in the affluent suburbs of Detroit, in Los Angeles—similar crises have developed. In San Francisco for the first time there will be no junior high school sports competition. In Oakland after it was announced the public school football program was in jeopardy enough money was donated or raised at celebrity banquets to maintain the sport, but it is decidedly an austerity operation—old uniforms and no non-league games. Such makeshift efforts apparently cannot bail Philadelphia out, and unless something unforeseen develops in the next few days it will become the first major city in the country to totally eliminate high school athletics.

Since announcing their decision, school board members and the responsible officials have been besieged by angry citizens. The city's newspapers carry columns of letters on the subject, virtually all of them pleading for a restoration of sports. School board meetings have been enlivened by what outgoing President Richardson Dilworth calls "hysterical denunciations." Dilworth, silver-haired and patrician, a former mayor and unsuccessful gubernatorial candidate, professes surprise at the "violence and scope" of the response.

"This school system has an extraordinary history in art and music," he says. "Personally I am much sorrier to see this part of our program go. But all anybody seems to care about is varsity sports, an activity that involves comparatively few students. I've nothing against athletics—I played on one of Yale's worst football teams—but the overemphasis here is incredible. I think we're becoming a nation of spectators."

There have been sporadic efforts to raise funds to restore the program. Leonard Tose, owner of the Philadelphia Eagles, gave the school district $55,000 from the proceeds of exhibition games. The board thanked him kindly, but noted that, under the financial circumstances, it could not assure him the money would be used to reinstate football. As Superintendent Shedd tirelessly explains, "Our problem is not a $350,000 problem [the amount needed to retain varsity sports], it is a $35 million problem."

The original budget called for expenditures of $393 million. That was whittled away at, and in the cutting process some 1,400 positions, including 600 teaching jobs, were eliminated. The only reductions that could then be made,

continued

Shedd says, were either curricular or extracurricular. The alternative to dropping after-school activities was to eliminate kindergarten and pre-school classes. The board felt the extracurricular programs, including varsity sports, were more expendable. Was this, as some claim, a political rather than a necessary financial move to force the city council's hand and arouse public interest in the schools' monetary plight?

"Any move you make in this area is political," Shedd says. "A decision to eliminate kindergarten would have been even more political. We would have had a worse furor if we'd done that. There you are talking about 24,000 little kids and their mommas. Why, they'd murder us."

Those in favor of restoring sports suggest that if the schools are as badly off as they say, why not sink a little deeper into debt and salvage a program that has proved its worth in reducing juvenile crime? "If you're going to be a beggar for $35 million," says Ralph Schneider, acting president of the Philadelphia Mens Coaches Association, "why not be one for $36 million?"

Schneider insists the entire high school athletic program, including intramural and girls' sports, can be financed for $770,000, a piddling sum when compared with the district's overall financial obligations. He also maintains that sports involve in some way nearly half of Philadelphia's 59,000 high school youngsters. A recent survey showed that 94% of the varsity athletes graduated and 57% went on to college—this in a community where 60% of the students are black. College athletic scholarships worth an estimated $2.6 million were awarded this past year to 262 boys, 190 of them black.

"We know we help keep boys out of the gangs," Schneider says. "We have proved we are effective in fighting vandalism, violence and drug abuse. The best lesson to be learned from sports is self-discipline."

Sports also have been useful in just keeping youngsters from dropping out of school. "A whole lot of fellows only go to school because of sports," said Jimmy Baker, a basketball star at Olney High last season and winner of a scholarship to the University of Nevada. "If they cut sports out, kids will drop out. If there hadn't been sports, I'd have had nothing to look forward to when I woke up each morning."

The coaches, athletes and probably most Philadelphians simply do not believe the school board will stand by its decision. The city as it is probably has the worst youth gang problem in the U.S., and with sports no longer available there would be additional thousands of idle teen-agers in the streets. Yet the school board has held steadfastly to the position that it will not accept funds solely for the restoration of varsity sports. It says there are more urgent financial deficiencies. "As I see it," Schneider says, "we are in the ninth inning."

Philadelphia is in the midst of a mayoral election campaign in which both candidates, Thacher Longstreth and Frank Rizzo, have pledged to bring sports back to the schools. Neither, however, has said where he will get the money. "We'd give the schools more if we had it," says Victor Kendrick, a spokesman for the incumbent mayor, James Tate. But Tate recently vetoed a proposed over-the-bar liquor tax that would have provided the schools with an estimated $14 million in additional revenue. Tate, says Dilworth, is no friend of the schools.

Shedd and Dilworth, in the opinion of the coaches, are no friends of sport. In fact, both tend to dismiss the assertion that sports have provided an avenue to higher education for the city's blacks. To say that sports are the blacks' only outlet is, in Shedd's opinion, "racist talk." Dilworth is even more emphatic: "Art and music have done much more to stimulate the blacks' interest in school. Three out of four black athletes who go to college on athletic scholarships get virtually no education. They take physical education courses, then turn professional. They emerge from college semiliterate. Besides, most of the scholarships are to tramp colleges anyway."

The full impact of Philadelphia's sports lockout will not be felt until after Labor Day when school opens. "Then," says Shedd, "we expect them to storm the gates."

A high school without sports may seem to many a strange, lonely, even uninhabitable place. Philadelphia has enjoyed a long and rich athletic history. Among the more distinguished alumni are basketball's Wilt Chamberlain, Earl Monroe, Walt Hazzard, Wally Jones and Guy Rodgers; football's Leroy Kelly and baseball's Roy Campanella. Overbrook High alone has produced four High School All-America basketball players in the last 16 years; the first, Chamberlain; the last, Andre McCarter, who is headed for UCLA this fall. Overbrook Coach Paul Ward, who won six Public League and five city championships in 15 years, resigned two weeks ago to teach in suburban Pennsauken, N.J. Only a few coaches have followed Ward's course. Most have adopted a "wait-and-see" attitude. It is a costly waiting game, for if there are to be no sports, the coaches will lose, in some cases, as much as several thousand dollars in extra pay for their after-hours work.

"The eyes of the nation are on Philadelphia," says William (Sonny) Hill, who heads a summer basketball league for high school youngsters. "All the cities are looking for ways of saving money."

continued

Wilt Chamberlain as Philly schoolboy

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"The larger issue," says Shedd, "is will the urban schools be able to survive? Traditionally, the city has been a haven for subnations—the Irish, the Germans, the Jews. Now we have another subnation—the blacks. Will we let them make it? This thing has just got to turn around. We have to have more for education. The democratic system won't work without an educated populace. The alternative is suppression, and that doesn't work anywhere very long. Yet, we almost seem headed that way."

Shedd's rhetoric may seem melodramatic, but the issue he raises is no less important. The school board's decision—if it holds—will radically alter the educational experience for many Philadelphia children. And not just would-be athletes, but all the city's youngsters, since sport and the excitement and loyalties it generates help any school maintain a community of interests with its students. The loss will be incalculable.

On the rutted courts of the Columbus Square playground in South Philadelphia, Joe Anderson was shooting a few early-afternoon baskets before an admiring audience of small boys. Anderson was an All-Public League player for three years at Gratz High. He will enter Temple University this fall on a basketball scholarship. He is a tall, well-muscled black youth whose horn-rimmed glasses and small goatee lend him a scholarly mien. It is not an entirely inaccurate impression, for Anderson hopes to continue school, eventually earn a master's degree and teach in the city.

"When I was 13," he said, thinking back six years, "I didn't know what I'd be. I was hanging around the streets a lot. But my mom and my pop, even though they didn't go to school long, always wanted me to have an education. We didn't have that kind of money, but I was always good in sports, so we figured that would be my way.

"I went to Gratz. School wasn't the most interesting thing to me. It was no fun. The classes were crowded and, you know, you get kind of disgruntled. But my coach, John Chaney, he kept talking to me about my grades and about going on to college. He spent time with me. He was like a second father.

"What he did was help me to become a man. That's what I got out of sports. I don't know what I'd be without them." **END**

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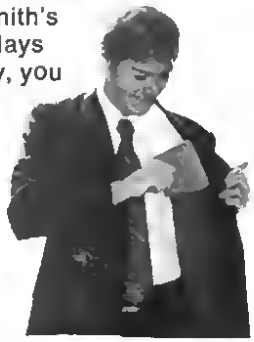

HE WHO LAUGHS LAST

With a cocky smile Herve Filion drives to win, and win he does, more harness races than anyone ***by WILLIAM F. REED***

Herve Filion, a 31-year-old Quebecois who traveled south to seek his fortune in the U.S., is the world's winningest harness racing driver and a saucy little man. No one puts him down. Last year, for example, Filion represented Canada in the first world driving tournament, a competition among international reinsmen. Although many horsemen regarded the affair as a publicity stunt, Filion took great pride in winning the championship, so much so that Carmine Abbatiello, a rival driver, felt obliged to deflate him.

"Hey, hey," cried Abbatiello, one afternoon at Freehold Raceway in a loud, mocking voice. "Look who's here—Mr. Canada."

"To you, Abbatiello," said Filion, coolly, "it's Mr. World."

Filion's cheek and brashness annoy a good many of his rivals, but what might be called a mutuel admiration society forms between Herve and the betting public at the tracks where he appears. The odds on the horses he drives have a tendency to plummet. When several weeks ago he brought the bulk of his stable to New York to compete for the first time, he quickly convinced the tough, cynical Roosevelt Raceway crowds, winning five out of the nine events on one evening's program.

Before Filion became the country's and the world's leading harness driver, the most races any horseman had won in one year was 386. In 1968 Filion had 407 victories; in '69 he had 394 and last year he raised the total to 486. This season he is shooting for 500 wins, a figure that seems within his reach.

"Oh, yeah, I think so," Filion says breezily as he leafs through the battered brown diary in which he records every start, finish and penny earned. "I'm about a dozen wins ahead of this time last year, and I plan on driving in more races than ever. Give me a good horse and I can win anywhere, anytime."

Give him a few good horses and he's apt to go on a binge. Last summer at Brandywine Raceway he had five winners on one card, all of them timed in less than two minutes for the mile. That was unprecedented, and so were his five

consecutive winners on a card this past May at Liberty Bell Park. Then Filion repeated the feat last month at Roosevelt under decidedly more dramatic circumstances.

On Aug. 9 he was involved in a three-sulky collision during a race and came out of it with torn ligaments in his shoulder and facial cuts that required seven stitches. Four days later Filion won one race at Freehold in New Jersey in the afternoon, then drove to Roosevelt, where he won five straight that night. The next day Filion took two more at Freehold and four more at Roosevelt—including the $50,000 American Trotting Championship. Said Filion of his 12 wins in two days: "I had to make up for lost time."

"He never stops," declares Norman Dauplaise, another French Canadian who drives in the New York area. "He's like a machine. Not too many people can keep up with him." Filion traveled 250,000 miles by plane and car last year to tracks in the U.S. and Canada. He appeared in an average six races a day, six days a week. This year he added Australia and New Zealand to his itinerary, and he talks of racing in France next winter. "I love the sport and the travel," says Filion. "I'm very thankful for what I've got. If it wasn't for harness racing, I'd probably be carrying a lunch pail and working as a laborer on construction projects like my friends back home."

The horses Filion drives earn more than $1 million a year in purses, providing him with an income of around a quarter of a million dollars. "I don't have any trouble buying bread," says Filion. He has a white Cadillac Coupe de Ville, the most mod wardrobe in the sport and a library of country music tapes for his car (Johnny Cash is a favorite). He also is the proud possessor of a $400 toupee that he wears on special occasions.

"I don't like it," says his wife Barbara, a gum-popping, fast-talking young lady not far removed from the teeny-bopper ranks. "I wish he would get something real bushy with long sideburns and everything." Filion seems well satisfied with his more conservative model. In fact, he is considering wearing it later this fall to the ceremony where he will be decorated by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau with the Order of Canada, an honor bestowed on citizens for outstanding performance.

When he is his normal balding self, Filion bears a strong resemblance to Peter Boyle, the hard hat of the movie *Joe*. He has a short, stocky frame and a herky-jerky Chaplinesque strut. The charming, even amusing figure he cuts is misleading, however. A friend says, "Put Herve at a pool table or behind a horse and he is one of the smartest, toughest men in the world. That's all he's ever known."

Filion grew up on a farm near Angers, a village not far from Ottawa. His father, a sometime truck driver, was in harness racing, too, and earned a reputation as a mighty sharp man around a track. "I've heard some funny stories about the old man," says a Filion friend. "Like he was supposed to have painted a white horse black to get him into a certain race, and it would have worked, except it rained."

"The old man is sort of a hayseed city slicker," says another acquaintance. "He used to be ruled off Canadian tracks regularly. So were several of his sons. There are 10 children, eight of them boys. They grew up in very humble surroundings, sometimes three boys in a bed and two horses in a stall, that sort of thing. But they have always been extremely close." This year, to celebrate Papa Filion's 61st birthday and 37th wedding anniversary, the Filion children presented him with a Cadillac Fleetwood and gave their mother a diamond ring.

"You talk about work," Herve Filion says, "my father was a worker. And real generous to every one of us. We didn't have much, but he never left us broke. He's a real good man but, of course, that runs in the family. We're all nice guys.

"When I was a kid I used to run all the way home at lunchtime to work with the horses and then run back to school. I didn't play hockey like other kids. I went to the barns, nowhere else." Herve quit school after the fifth grade and at 13 began driving horses professionally.

"I saw him win a race in Ottawa when he was 14," says Mike Sherman, a Filion assistant. "His feet didn't reach the stirrups. But even then he could do things nobody else could do. I predicted that someday he would be world champion. Do you remember that, Herve?"

"Huh," says Filion, "I knew I'd be a champion when *I* was 11."

The brothers followed their father into harness racing, and the name Filion became well known in Canada—perhaps notorious is a better term. They were harsh competitors, and Herve was no exception. Between 1957 and 1964 he was suspended nine times in the U.S. and Canada for violating racing rules. His brother Rheo is currently barred from harness racing tracks and the family generally is not very popular. As Herve came to drive more—and win more—at U.S. raceways, some horsemen began to complain about his driving tactics. In July 1965, Presiding Judge Milt Taylor of Liberty Bell set Filion down for 12 days for a driving infraction, and the U.S. Trotting Association picked up his license for "repeated violations." That proved to be a turning point. Immediately after his USTA suspension a contrite Filion approached Taylor and asked for help in getting his license restored.

"He sounded sincere," says Taylor, "so I decided to help him. He was only 25, and I hated to see a boy with so much talent get messed up so young. When you look at Filion's record, you see that most of the trouble occurred between the ages of 15 and 25. Not every one of us is stable during those years." So Filion got his license back and, says Taylor, "he hasn't been in any trouble to speak of since."

"I think Herve is now trying to improve the family's reputation," says a friend. "He is trying to wipe the record clean." Doubt persists in some corners. Last year there were the strange events involving Filion's Crain Hanover, a fine trotter. Shortly before a big race at Roosevelt Raceway the judges ordered the horse scratched. Their reason was that Crain might be racing with an illegal medication in his system. The drug had indeed been administered some 60 hours earlier when the trotter suffered an attack of colic. Filion's veterinarian, Dr. Kenny Seeber, had routinely called the Roosevelt judges to advise them so and assure them that by post time all traces of the medication should have disappeared. The presiding judge refused to order the necessary prerace test and, instead, insisted the horse be scratched. Filion was so furious he filed a suit

continued

against the state racing commission and Roosevelt. "The whole thing is unbelievable," he says. "We operated strictly by the rules, and this is what happens. If my name had been anything but Filion, nothing would have come of it."

Those familiar with Filion's past consider it ironic that he is the driver Roosevelt Raceway is relying on to regain the fans' confidence in the sport following the recent Yonkers exacta scandal. Filion arrived at the New York track shortly before it was announced that seven local trainer-drivers, including three of the most popular—Carmine Abbatiello, Ben Webster and Buddy Gilmour—were under investigation by a grand jury. Gilmour has been cleared, but the other two top drivers remain sidelined.

Actually, Filion has horses stabled at four tracks. In all, he has 86 in training, most of which he owns himself either outright or in partnership with clients. But his success is especially noteworthy because the majority of the horses are claimers. "If Filion had Stanley Dancer's stock," another horseman says, "he'd win a thousand races a year. What he needs is a patron to buy him a couple of $70,000 colts each season. Then there would be no way to stop him."

"I guess Herve's alltime favorite was a horse named Rabbit," says Jack Kiser of the *Philadelphia Daily News*. "He had four lame legs and so many bone chips he sounded like a crap game."

"And the morning after he raced," Judge Taylor adds, "he'd be so sore it practically took a derrick to lift him out of the stall."

"I won 17 races with him in '68," Filion says proudly. "He was the gamest horse I ever saw."

Unlike Stanley Dancer, Billy Haughton and the other driving titans, Filion has no millionaire clients. Typical of his owners are Mr. and Mrs. Neil Helfrich of Washington Court House, Ohio. "At first we had just so-so horses, nothing much at all," says Mrs. Helfrich. "Then somebody said, 'There's this little Frenchman who's going to be really good.' So, sight unseen, we sent Herve one mare, Jerry's Filly, and he won the first time he drove her, at Brandywine I think it was. Until then she had been a very mediocre horse, but Herve went on to win close to $50,000 with her. We sent him two more mares, and we've been with him ever since. Now he and his wife are like our own children."

Such pro-Filion sentiment is not uncommon, despite the antagonism of rival drivers. The grooms like him because, in a sense, he is one of their own. After Filion drove Marlu Pride to victory in the Dexter Cup at Roosevelt Raceway last year, he was seen exchanging congratulatory hand slaps with the stable help while the other drivers gathered together in the paddock. The grooms appreciate the fact that Filion always has a full money clip in his pocket.

"Everyone knows Herve is one of the softest touches on the racetrack," says a friend. "He never turns down a groom. He's a great pool hustler—he can run the table at any time—but I've seen him let a groom who needs money beat him. Then he'll turn around and whip another driver for $200."

Among the criticisms of Filion is that he races his horses with only minimal rest, a practice that sometimes draws an argument even from assistant Mike Sherman.

"I want this horse in here," Filion will say, pointing to an entry sheet.

"But, Herve," Sherman will argue, "he's only had a couple nights' rest. You can't race him."

"Wanna bet? If I had my way, I'd race them every other night."

"Herve does not like to baby his horses," Sherman says. "His theory is that you can't win money unless you race, so start as often as possible."

One night last year at Brandywine, Filion drove Bye Bye Surprise to victory in 2:00⅕. The next night he brought the same horse back and won again in identical time. Nevertheless, he bristles when it is suggested that he works his horses too hard. "Anybody will tell you that in races I push my horses only enough to win," says Filion. "I don't care for fast times. I'm in this business to stay, and I've got to think about keeping my horses sound so they can race again next week." He lost Marlu Pride, the colt he had turned from a lackluster 2-year-old into a sensational 3-year-old (SI, Aug. 24, 1970), when, contrary to the wishes of the horse's owner, he refused to start the animal because he felt it was lame. The colt was turned over to another trainer who raced him when and where he was told.

Filion seems to have an insatiable appetite for driving, and his skills are derived in good part from old-fashioned hard work. He is capable of intense concentration, and when he is preparing for a night of driving he becomes so preoccupied that he is distant, even rude. Between races he studies every horse and driver in the next field, searching for an edge, something he can exploit. "He's got a photographic mind, a fantastic memory," says Mrs. Helfrich. "He improves any horse he drives," says Kiser. "Once he had a mare named Rita Gallon," says Judge Taylor. "She had a habit of freezing up before the start of a race, so Herve would jump off his sulky and run with her to get her going. Then he'd leap onto the bike, and off they would go to the gate. Somehow they always got there in time and never caused a recall, so I didn't see anything illegal in it."

A favorite Filion maneuver is to make his sulky jump sideways during a race, the better to squeeze through a tight hole. "It's something I learned from Keith Waples," he says. "Rather than move the horse's head and throw him off-balance, I hop the bike two feet sideways. I can go right or left. It's not dangerous if you know how and do it quickly."

"Filion has the hands and the brains," says his admiring rival, Dauplaise. Another driver, Roger White, declares, "He's got the spirit. He gets up and goes to bed with the same idea—winning races. I think he gets his biggest kick getting his picture taken in the winner's circle."

Most of Filion's opponents temper their praise of his skills. For instance, George Sholty declares, "Filion has a great sense of pace. He knows a horse, whether he trains him or is just catch-driving. Although he is hard to beat, I like to race against him because he is not hacking or jamming around like some drivers. But I don't think he is a wizard. Let's just say he is as good as there is."

Established drivers, perhaps understandably, resent Filion's cockiness, his banter, his so-long-sucker smile when he moves away from them with a winning horse. "One night," Kiser recalls, "I saw him turn around in the stretch and grin at Stanley Dancer. Stanley was furious."

There are all sorts of ways to leave them laughing—that it seems is Herve Filion's way. **END**

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VOLVO

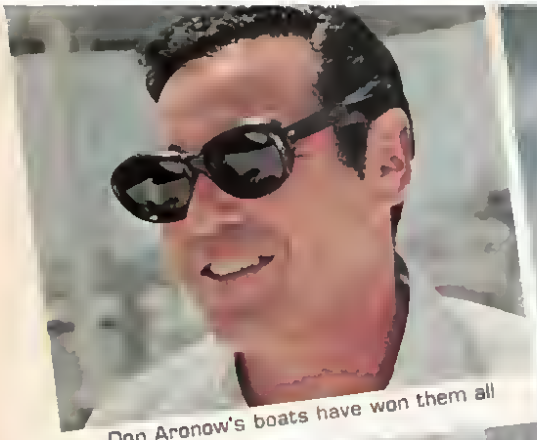
HOP, SKIP AND KERPLUNK

What goes up—in the spectacular world of offshore powerboat racing—always comes down hard. In November the "Double-O-Seven" of Britain's brave Tommy Sopwith, scion of the Tommy who built the legendary Camel plane, catches fire between bounces and sinks near the Dry Tortugas. Sopwith bails out into shark waters and is saved by world-champion-to-be Vincenzo Balestrieri of Italy. In April a fearful greenhorn grasps the sissy-bar so decisively in a rough South African race that his fingers split open like overdone franks. In May a 1,000-hp 36-footer swaps ends at 60 mph off Fort Lauderdale. In July another loops the loop off New Jersey. In any season, in or out of trouble, these seagoing missiles provide the color camera with scenes of extraordinary power and beauty, as the following pages show. Read on for the story of one champion who has found the formula for the quickest way across the bounding main.

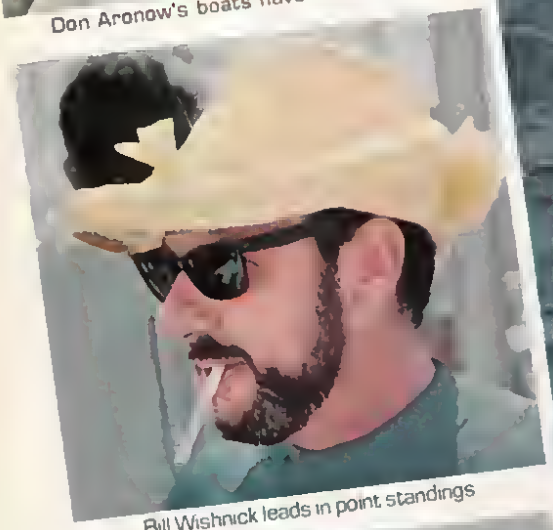
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEIKAROT

High-hurdling the wake of a competitor, Dr. Robert Magoon aims his Cigarette over the Bahamian waters on his way to the 1971 U.S. offshore racing title.

KIEKHAEFER
aeromarine
3



Don Aronow's boats have won them all



Bill Wishnick leads in point standings

Dr Robert Magoon moved up from outboards

Vincenzo Balestrieri is defending champ

Master Builder Don Aronow and the season's top drivers get their kicks in a sport where water is about as soft as a brick wall. A man can be riding high one moment — as Doug Silvera is above in his Bahamas 500-winning "Starduster" — and dead in the water the next with the hatches open and frantic repairs under way. So it is with "Blonde II". Most unusual craft in the fleet is the tunnel-hulled catamaran "Zippé" designed by Ron Jones

500
"Stardust"
719
BLONDE
Zippe
43
Zippe'

1

IN THE OLD DAYS SHE RAN FULL OF RUM

Along the Brooklyn waterfront they still remember a rum-running boat called *The Cigarette*. Long, lean and rapid, she was built by one Benny Higgins for thirsty Irish-American free-enterprisers whose business was booze in the days when it was both profitable and illegal. One day, however, the gang lost *The Cigarette* to some other inventive businessmen who liked her lines and speed. Why waste time and fuel running out to meet suppliers offshore, they had reasoned, when it was much easier to hijack other boats as they sped home. Embarrassed by *The Cigarette's* gangland fame, the Coast Guard ultimately captured her and made an honest boat of her.

When he began building his latest, fastest crop of ocean racers, Miami's Don Aronow recalled the infamously quick *Cigarette* and named his new hulls after her. And why not? He was a Brooklyn boy himself. Most recently a Cigarette piloted by world point leader Bill Wishnick won the race across the strait from Sweden to Finland and back. Earlier, Cigarettes captured the Key West race, the Sam Griffith and the Bahamas 500, among other events, while putting together a remarkable victory string, including every race this year. In fact, they have been undefeated since the 1970 Miami-Nassau crossing.

Among men who know their boats best, ocean racing has reached the point where, to win, it seems one must have a Cigarette. The present world champion, Vincenzo Balestrieri, has two—a 32-footer and a 36-footer. Dr. Robert Magoon drives a 36-footer, as do Wishnick and the Bahamas 500 winner, Doug Silvera. Roger Hanks of Texas duded up his model, called *Blonde II*, with handsome teak decks and an $8,600 set of tuned exhausts.

"Aronow is the house," says one driver. "No matter how the dice roll he's got to come up winner."

Like the original rum runner, Aronow's Cigarettes are long, low and lean. His 36′ hull has a beam of only 9′ 4″. By comparison, the stock hull nearest in dimensions is four feet shorter but nearly 1½ feet broader. This leggy slimness permits the Cigarettes to span the waves rather than pitch from crest to crest as a stubbier boat might. "These boats ride on their tails and the props stay in the water where they belong, always grinding," says Aronow.

Aronow also gave the Cigarettes wider than usual strakes, those lift-providing corrugations. "With wide strakes the boats do not roll from side to side the way they used to," he explains.

Finally, Aronow provided "the most refined deep-V bottoms we have ever made." In practice this means a Cigarette is supposed to settle back into the water after a flight, not with a slam but a bouncy sigh. As a result, speeds are up and drivers' fears of cardiac experiences down.

Twenty workmen craft the basic 32-foot and 36-foot racing models at Aronow's North Miami Beach plant. Each boat costs about $43,000 complete with either outboard engines or an inboard/outdrive setup. Aronow achieves lightness—the 36-footer weighs only 7,700 pounds—without sacrificing strength. If, occasionally, a Cigarette rips apart under the stress of pounding the seas at nicely competitive 75-plus mph, that is part of the game. "It's bound to happen," says Aronow.

As a spin-off from his racers Aronow also molds several stock Cigarettes a year. They bear a close resemblance to the race boats, but in addition to containing more creature comforts, they also are smaller and heftier. When amateur drivers run them into things, Aronow doesn't want his "civilian" Cigarettes to buckle.

When Aronow shows up for work of a morning—usually at the executive hour of 11 a.m. or so—he rolls up the sleeves of his open-throat silk shirt and goes out onto God's own test tank, the open ocean. He concedes that conventional tanks, like the one at Stevens Institute in New Jersey, are O.K. for testing models of sailing yachts, but he fails to see how a tank can tell how hard the ride is going to be for an ocean race-boat driver and his crew. Nor does he see how a tank can tell whether or not a boat will roll at top speed under varying sea conditions. He believes in performing full-scale experiments with full-scale models. "When I get that boat out there in the ocean," he says, "I know what it can do and I know what we have to do to make it a faster boat and a better boat. So far we haven't been wrong."

Since he first began racing in a wooden hull built in 1961, Aronow has acquired a unique fund of knowledge on racing boats and their behavior plus the customary collection of broken bones, bumps, bruises and a network of scars. He started building the hulls himself with a number called the Formula, progressed from Formula to Donzi, from Donzi to the Magnum. From Magnum he switched to Cary, whose boats he designed and raced but did not build. And with Cary he set a single-season record of eight major victories. Nine months ago he began anew with the Cigarettes, the culmination of his amazing decade in the sport.

But Aronow is not standing pat. He may even have a catamaran in his future. Until now, catamarans like the *Zippé II* on page 33 have been erratic performers, but as soon as someone discovers how to make them light enough to get up on a plane when fully loaded with fuel, there will be a 100-mph ocean racer. Or, at least, so Aronow believes. Of one thing you may be sure: no cat of Aronow's will be a dog.

—Hugh D. Whall

Two Cigarettes smoking up a storm. Wishnick's "Boss O'Nova III," pictured from above, and a view from the bow of Magoon's "Aeromarine," Dr Bob at the controls.

Now, how can a guy hope to become a hero as a University of New Mexico fullback when he knows that every sports headline writer is secretly hoping he never makes the starting lineup? Well, never mind them, just get in there and play your heart out, **Saleutogi Lanititi Letuligasenoa.**

Our Tell It Like It Is Award goes to Matador **Adrian Romero,** who earned two ears and two triumphant laps around the arena after a fight in Tijuana. Said Romero at a San Diego luncheon before his engagement, "What I like best about bullfighting is the big money and small bulls."

✦ Pretty **Gloria Jean (Jackie) Jackson,** 5' 7" and 130 pounds, hopes to be the first woman to break into organized baseball—and she tried out a week or so ago with the Pittsfield, Mass., Senators. According to Senator Owner **Pat McKernan,** Jackie could field a ball all right, but she couldn't seem to hit one. Too bad? No. Enter **Walter Brock,** who owns the Raleigh-Durham Triangles of the Class A Carolina League. Brock offered Jackie a contract to play first base for the rest of the season and Jackie started packing. Then Minor League President **Phil Piton** telephoned Brock, making familiar noises about turning baseball into "a travesty" and the offer was withdrawn. "She's a pretty girl; I thought it might increase attendance," said Brock. So as things stand now, male chauvinist Piton is happy, Brock is disappointed and Jackie is still looking for a job.

Mark V. Inscrra is driving along peacefully in Omaha when a 16-pound bowling ball comes rattling down a hilly side street and scores a strike on his car, causing over $100 damage. No one claimed the ball.

Meanwhile, over in Bryant, Iowa, farmer **Tom Kruse** pens up his hogs for about six months fattening before sending them to market. But the hogs get bored and bite each other's tails. Kruse has heard that hogs can be kept amused for hours playing with bowling balls. He's looking for rejects. Over to you, Mark.

Never a dull moment at the Charles Town (W. Va.) Turf Club, where the waitresses have taken to jogging around the track to lose weight (SI, Aug. 9). A few nights ago, before the regular program, the club staged the first annual $1,500-added Hot Pants Handicap. Let it be noted, for thoroughbred records, that **Betty Biller** won the one-eighth-mile event in 34 seconds, finishing 10 lengths ahead of **Geraldine Scott.** Early leader **Andrea Harris** fell in the homestretch, came up lame and failed to show. Customers were so bemused by the spectacle that when the regular races started, the betting handle was way down.

American Jockey **Pete Anderson** was officially vacationing in England, but someone asked him to ride, and you know how jockeys are. So he won the Longshore Handicap at Yarmouth on a horse named Capistrano, beating out the favored English entry, Alcindoro. Anderson's last memorable win was on Cavan in the Belmont Stakes way back in 1958. Wrote **Tony Jakobson** of England's *Sporting Life*: "Anderson was so thrilled with his win . . . that he had to be restrained from coming out of the weighing room to meet the press wearing only a towel!"

Listen, Pete, you wear any old thing you want. After all, you're on vacation, remember?

Fifty kids, 14 and under, have joined the track program organized in Miami by **Bob McTeak,** whose daughter **Charlene** recently ran the 220-yard dash in 55.2, setting a new record. Charlene also broke the 440 record and then held her first press conference. "I wike to win wibbons," said 5-year-old Charlene.

◉ Let a pretty young thing come along and, sure enough, a horse will react just like a People. Doing that very human double take in the picture above is **Friar Tuck,** a Canadian hunter. The other horse is a $15,000 papier-mâché statue being delivered to the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto. Friar Tuck is hoping for an introduction and trying to think of something snappy to say, like: "Haven't we met before? I can't remember your name, but your pace is familiar."

A former featherweight boxer from Minnesota, 70-year-old **Augie Ratner,** has advertised his own funeral in the personal column, not because death seems imminent—he never felt better but because he would like to know what "the official attendance" will be. Someone pointed out that friends who respond to the ad may go before he does. "I'll just have to go through the file, adding and subtracting," says Augie. "It does sort of put a man under obligation, doesn't it?"

This is positively the last report on the kooky happenings in Memphis. First it was Dennis, the youth who donned twigs and leaves and announced he was a tree (SI, Aug. 9). Now along comes Memphis Fire Chief **Charles Torian,** who has taken to hiding firemen in fake trees to nab false alarmists. So far the agents concealed in their wire, wood and canvas trees have captured 20 miscreants. Might have caught more, too, but the trees are used only at night because "they are not perfect replicas."

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With fans like these, who needs LA?

A funny thing happens to the San Francisco Giants on their way out of Candlestick Park. They are followed, frequently for thousands of miles. The followers belong to an organization known as the San Francisco Giants Boosters Club of Northern California, which has a standing—at times, a leaning—membership of nearly 2,000, many of them old enough to list repeal as the single most important event in their lives. To the Giants, who this year may just for once finish higher than second, the effect is less than soothing. "You don't know whether to shoot or go blind," one of them said.

The trouble is, for all their enthusiasm, the Boosters have an adverse effect on the team. This dismaying fact began to dawn on the Giants two years ago when the Boosters followed them to Atlanta to open the season. The Giants lost three in a row. Then the Boosters went to New York for the first series there. The Giants lost three in a row. Some of the Boosters got up a private party and traveled to Houston in late June. The Giants lost—right—three in a row and, in the dugout, Captain Willie Mays and former Manager Clyde King got into a heated discussion. En masse once again, the Boosters returned to Houston for the final series there in early September. Don't ask.

In late September the Giants—accompanied by the ever-adoring Boosters—arrived in San Diego half a game in front in the National League West race. They departed from San Diego 1½ games behind and headed for Los Angeles. "Get them away from us," croaked Pitcher Mike McCormick, "before they start World War III."

This year the Boosters' luck is holding. On their latest trip to St. Louis and Chicago, they watched their heroes win one and lose five. With friends like that, who needs Los Angeles?

The Giants do not always lose in the presence of their fan club. Sometimes they get lucky, as happened in Montreal in May when they got snowed out instead. The next night, the shivering Giants went forth and helped set a Montreal record. They gave the Expos 15 runs in one game.

The impact of the Boosters is by no means limited to the regular season. Aboard a chartered 707 to Japan two years ago for a preseason exhibition series, the Boosters almost made McCormick's prophecy come true. Within 100 miles of the Siberian mainland, a well-moistened Booster appears to have switched on a transistor radio, possibly in an effort to catch the late Japanese scores. A part of the plane's navigational system was reduced to the consistency of marshmallows. Lights winked red at Omaha, MIGs scrambled over the Sea of Okhotsk and the Boosters' pilot executed a smart 180 and beat it back to Anchorage.

Allan B. Murray, a swinging 39-year-old bachelor with the face of a Campbell Soup kid, conceived the idea for the club in 1967 when he noticed how many San Franciscans chose to vacation in Phoenix in the late winter to be near their beloved Giants. Murray involved three innocent parties: a travel agency to package the tours; American Airlines to provide the transportation and assign one of its stewardesses to be known as Miss Booster; and the Giants themselves, whose attendance was falling so low they feared the Boosters might be their only customers. This year, fortunately, attendance is way up. Perhaps unfortunately, before the season ends the Boosters will have visited every city in the league except Pittsburgh. ("Blue laws," Murray explains.) Murray called Stan Musial to say the Boosters would dine in his St. Louis restaurant on Good Friday this year. "Great," said Musial. "I'll put on three extra bartenders."

Tolerance of the grape appears to have been an original article of incorporation. Rain forced the cancellation of a game during the Boosters' first spring in Phoenix. An emergency meeting was held between Giant Owner Horace Stoneham and Murray to determine how else to occupy the fans. The first suggestion—lock them in their rooms and impound all wheelchairs—was rejected in favor of transporting them 50 miles into the desert to Casa Grande, where the Giants have a minor league training camp, a hotel and bar. The Boosters were entranced. So was Jack Kane, the manager of Casa Grande. "Where'd you get this group?" he inquired admiringly of Stoneham. "They're not only older than you are but they drink more."

The first stewardess assigned by American Airlines to the role of Miss Booster, Anne Kelly, became known as Anne of the Two Hundred Days. On one occasion a Booster arrived late for an exhibition game in Phoenix, spotted Miss Kelly and asked her what the score was. Miss Kelly looked at the scoreboard, which showed, left to right, the runs, hits and errors for each team. "We're behind 231 to 0," she said sadly.

Miss Kelly lasted but one season. She was succeeded by Maureen Cassady, who on the Japan trip entered a restaurant in the Boosters' hotel to order a butterscotch sundae. "You Booster?" the waiter asked. Miss Cassady nodded. "Ah so," he said and disappeared. Shortly he returned with a pat of butter and a fifth of Scotch.

"Do not badger the players," Murray has advised busloads of Boosters. "They're human like you are." That last proposition is subject to dispute since the Boosters, in transit, have demonstrated a certain immunity to some mortal practices, such as sleep. "At five o'clock in the morning I would have shot them," said one Giant.

So how to account for the Giants' fine showing this year? "Easy," said a player. "Chloroform. They can't tell the difference." That and winning an awful lot of games at home.

THE WEEK

by DON DELLIQUANTI

AL EAST A pitcher with 16 wins—let alone a BALTIMORE pitcher with a 10-game streak—should feel no pain. Yet Dave McNally's left elbow continues to "hurt like the devil." As a result, he has altered his style. "I'm throwing a changeup and a changeup on the changeup. Every once in a while I hump up and throw a fast ball 50 miles an hour." Who timed

it? John Briggs and Andy Kosco, Milwaukee home-run hitters. But McNally did some timing of his own, hitting a two-run homer in a 9–4 win. The Orioles will play one fewer game since League President Joe Cronin said a makeup contest with Kansas City will have no bearing on the division races. Ted Williams thinks Pete Broberg, the Dartmouth junior who cost WASHINGTON Owner Bob Short the back rent on RFK Stadium, and who has a 5-5 record, "would win 16 to 18 games if he were pitching for the Orioles." All Broberg needs, opponents have been saying, is a curve to complement his fastball. "It's just that he has no idea of where it is going." Sonny Siebert has a problem, too. "I think I've forgotten how to win," he said. The BOSTON righthander lost his fifth straight decision and seventh attempt for his 15th victory. He last won on July 21. He did not help himself when he was picked off second in the eighth inning against the Angels. The ensuing 1–0 loss was the third by a run in Siebert's streak. Billy Martin's campaign for the pennant may be ending, but he is just beginning to stump for Mickey Lolich. "Look at it this way," the DETROIT manager said. "If Lolich wins 26 or 27. . . ." Overshadowed by Vida Blue, Lolich says, "I'm used to being number two." In CLEVELAND, Sam McDowell, who may not win half of the 30 games he predicted, is recovering from a sore shoulder. NEW YORK pitchers received 10 runs in five games, then equaled the week's output in Sunday's victory over KC.

BALT 81-47 DET 71-60 BOST 66-64
NY 66-67 WASH 55-77 CLEV 52-80

AL WEST

"He's a feisty Polish Texan," was KANSAS CITY Manager Bob Lemon's description of his shortstop, Freddie Patek. The shortest (5′ 4″) and lightest (140 pounds) player in the majors, Patek happens to have the highest batting average (.288) among big league shortstops. He has scored 76 runs and leads the league in stolen bases with 46. He may be four inches shorter than some of the boys who played in the Little League World Series, but he has hit six homers. There's just one snag: Lemon got a letter last week which said in part, "He's Czech. His great-grandfather was from the Old Country and was 6′ 3″ and one of the strongest men there." Fred's grandfather was 5′ 2″ and predicted his grandson would be very strong. The letter was signed: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Patek. Make that, "feisty Czech Texan." OAKLAND's pitcher and resident sage, Chuck Dobson, philosophizes, "In golf, they say it isn't how, but how many. In baseball, it isn't how you pitch, it's when." He was referring to Vida Blue, who lost two straight 1–0 games, before defeating Washington 4–3 for his 23rd win. Dobson's 14-3 record and 3.73 ERA (Blue's ERA is 1.70) confirm his contention that the A's save their batting support for him. Ken Sanders, MILWAUKEE's premier reliever, has recorded 22 of the team's 23 saves. Said General Manager Frank Lane as the Brewers went on the road: "Don't let the plane leave without Sanders." CALIFORNIA, which has played without a lot of people this year, almost went without Andy Messersmith, who had been bothered for more than a week by a sinus allergy and stomach cramps. But on an extremely humid night in Anaheim, Messersmith held the Red Sox to four hits through 7⅔ innings and won his 14th when Lloyd Allen relieved. A CHICAGO losing streak extended to five games, all but killing a run at second place, and Manager Chuck Tanner was feuding with Earl Weaver, Frank Robinson, Dave Johnson and just about everyone else in Baltimore but Blaze Starr. The reason—naturally—was the gentle art of managing or, as each side charged, the lack of it. Jim Perry's 14th and 15th wins had MINNESOTA fans thinking of next year—and last.

OAK 86-47 KC 69-62 CHI 63-69
CAL 63-71 MINN 56-71 MIL 56-76

NL EAST

"Wow!" said PITTSBURGH's Milt May. "Maybe," said Manager Danny Murtaugh, who wanted to rest Catcher Manny Sanguillen and had a hunch about May, who was to be married on Wednesday before going to Atlanta Stadium. "I got married," said May, "and I got three hits and batted in three runs." Nothing so romantic happened to teammate Roberto Clemente. He simply returned to the lineup and went 5 for 6 as the Pirates beat the Braves 13–6. CHICAGO's surge suddenly became a slump, perhaps as the result of a clubhouse squabble. The language, according to Chicago reporters, was easily strong enough to overcome twice the team's seven-game deficit. One Cubbie, they said, had to be restrained by four others from physically confronting Manager Leo Durocher. By midweek Owner Philip Wrigley issued a statement. Durocher would remain as manager, he said, because "it is too late in the season to make any radical changes." Meanwhile, the Cub organist incorporated the theme from *Love Story* in his repertoire, and Milt Pappas won his fifth shutout and 16th game. ST. LOUIS, as much in the chase as Chicago, was having trouble with its bullpen. So the Cardinals looked to Bob Gibson again and came up winners. The big Hoot gave up three hits, struck out 13 and beat Cincinnati 4–0. Lou Brock stole three bases to raise his total to 49, and Joe Torre drove in his 112th run while maintaining his .360 average. When MONTREAL beat the Dodgers 12–6 for a club record of eight consecutive wins, *The Montreal Gazette* ran a red streamer across its usually conservative front page. "That's as many as I've ever won as a manager," said Gene Mauch, whose other streaks all were associated with losing. The Dodgers bounced from Canada to NEW YORK where Tom Seaver, then Tug McGraw in relief of Gary Gentry, kept the Mets hoping with a sweep of a doubleheader. Barry Lersch of PHILADELPHIA pitched before Hurricane Doria arrived. Too bad. He is now 4-12.

PITT 79-56 ST. L 73-60 CHI 70-61
NY 66-64 PHIL 67-74 MONT 55-74

NL WEST

All the hitting Henry Aaron is doing in ATLANTA—39 homers for a career total of 631—keeps getting lost in the endless serials of *The Perils of Rico Carty*, a real life soap opera that runs the gamut from tuberculosis to blood clots. In this episode we find Rico and his brother-in-law, Carlos Ramirez, arrested and charged with assault on an Atlanta policeman after an argument with two men on a downtown street. The two men turn out to be off-duty policemen, and Carty contends that he was the victim of a beating. Mayor Sam Massell agrees, asserting that the facial bruises Carty suffered were the result of "apparent blatant brutality." But while the policemen are suspended without pay pending a hearing, charges against Carty are not dropped. He is expected to stand trial on Sept. 8. Tune in next week. SAN FRANCISCO, playing .500 ball since the All-Star Game, had troubles even when the team escaped its loyal following. A bus carrying Manager Charlie Fox, coaches and newsmen blew a tire going 65 mph on the turnpike to Philadelphia. The LOS ANGELES Dodgers seemed to have suffered a blowout themselves. They failed to pick up ground, perhaps, as Manager Walter Alston said, because the Dodgers had come too close. "If we were 12 or 15 games out right now, I'd have the opportunity to put all kinds of kids out there and say, 'Go get 'em.'" The loss of one more doubleheader like the one against the Mets could solve his problem. HOUSTON's statistics are impressive—and awful, first in league fielding and second in ERA but last in team homers with 56, only 14 of them at home. CINCINNATI, enjoying its spoiler role, defeated Chicago's Ferguson Jenkins. "Anytime you beat him," said Pete Rose, "you know you've accomplished something." Clay Kirby of SAN DIEGO lost 10 pounds in five days as the result of a viral infection and was told to drink beer to gain it back. "But I don't like beer," he said. Abstemiously, Kirby struck out nine and beat the Phillies 7–0.

SF 78-56 LA 65-64 ATL 70-67
CIN 66-66 HOUS 64-86 SD 50-83

Muddy picture of young colts

Even Saratoga's oldtimers could remember nothing like it. More than four inches of rain poured down on their beautiful track last week in the 36 hours that preceded Saturday's Hopeful Stakes for 2-year-olds, turning the grounds and the track itself into a nearly unmanageable quagmire. "If the rain had lasted another half hour," said one track official, "we might have had to cancel the card." The rains let up in midmorning and the sun came peeking through for short periods during most of the rest of the day, but even so the Hopeful was greatly affected by the weather.

Ten colts were entered originally, but Saturday morning Calumet's Reggie Cornell withdrew his entry of Tarboosh and Plum Bold, and Lucien Laurin scratched the probable favorite, Riva Ridge. This left only seven to compete for the $77,355 first money and after a nifty stretch duel the 6-to-1 shot Rest Your Case was winner by a length over Governor Max, who had come from Chicago for the party after winning a division of the Arlington-Washington Futurity two weeks earlier. Although Rest Your Case turned in an impressive 1:17⅖ for the 6½-furlong distance despite the icky going, his victory prompted remarks like "Run it again tomorrow on a fast track and you'd get a different result" and "He probably looked better than he actually is."

MacKenzie Miller, who trains this son of Traffic Judge and the Count of Honor mare Dame Fritchie for Charles Engelhard's widow, was himself unenthusiastic. Before the race he said he thought this season's crop of 2-year-olds was as poor as any he could remember. And even while accepting the trophy from Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, he said, "He's a little thing, isn't he? He couldn't weigh more than 700 pounds. I guess it just goes to prove that stakes winners still can come in all shapes and sizes."

This does not mean that the Hopeful horses can be dismissed from the 2-year-old picture. Governor Max ran gamely but had to run over the heavier inside of the track in the stretch. Loquacious Don had a terrible start. Buck The System will do much better next time if his rider doesn't exhaust him again with a first quarter in 22 seconds. And Rest Your Case, now a winner of three of his seven races, along with $114,152, will get a chance to show how good he really is in the Futurity at Belmont in mid-September.

The Hopeful has a proud history (last week was its 67th running) and a victory in it looks good on any stallion's record. Such Hopeful winners as Whirlaway, Middleground, Native Dancer, Nashua, Needles and Buckpasser all demonstrated their true potential in this race. But it is also true that the appeal of the Hopeful has declined over the years. "In the old days," says New York Racing Secretary Tommy Trotter, "people racing in the East would point their 2-year-olds for the Hopeful and the Futurity before wrapping it up for the season. Now there is a trend to use these two races as stepping stones for the richer Champagne and Garden State, rather than as an end in themselves."

What this means is that the best 2-year-old races are still ahead, and most of the news in them will be made by those who did not appear in the Hopeful. The two best juveniles in the country may be Riva Ridge and the filly Numbered Account, who captured the Spinaway Stakes on the Wednesday before the Hopeful. She is a daughter of Buckpasser—one of his first crop—and according to Bull Hancock, who raised her at his Claiborne Farm for Owner Ogden Phipps, "She was a standout from the start. Now she even looks like Buckpasser and certainly runs like him, doing just what she has to when it counts the most."

While Numbered Account appears to be the class of a fine group of fillies that includes Rondeau, Dance Partner, Debby Deb and Brenda Beauty, racing in the colt division has been inconclusive. Yet there are a few whose names are likely to be familiar next May 6, when the faithful gather again at Churchill Downs. In addition to Riva Ridge, Tarboosh and Plum Bold, there is a pair trained by Elliott Burch for Paul Mellon named Straight To Paris and Idle Answer. Chauffeur, Chevron Flight, Freetex, Hold Your Peace, Cohasset Tribe, Royal Owl and Busted are all stakes winners already, and among those who are likely to win a stake in the near future are Windjammer (a half-brother to Joe Namath), George Spelvin and Quill Gordon.

Speculating on how well young horses will turn out is always fun but often premature. One owner-breeder at Saratoga said last week, "In evaluating a crop, an owner or a trainer is not always the most unprejudiced party. If you think you have a good 2-year-old, and for some reason or other he keeps getting beaten, you're inclined to say, 'Gee, this must be a hell of a crop.'"

And it may be wise to reflect that at this time last year the Hopeful winner was Proudest Roman—who was injured and retired shortly thereafter. Hoist The Flag's brief tale of triumph and tragedy had not yet begun. And 3,000 miles from Saratoga a colt that had been sold for $1,200 had just arrived at California's Del Mar racetrack after a trip from Venezuela. He did nothing to distinguish himself at Del Mar and was returned to Caracas all but unwanted. His name, of course, was Canonero II. END

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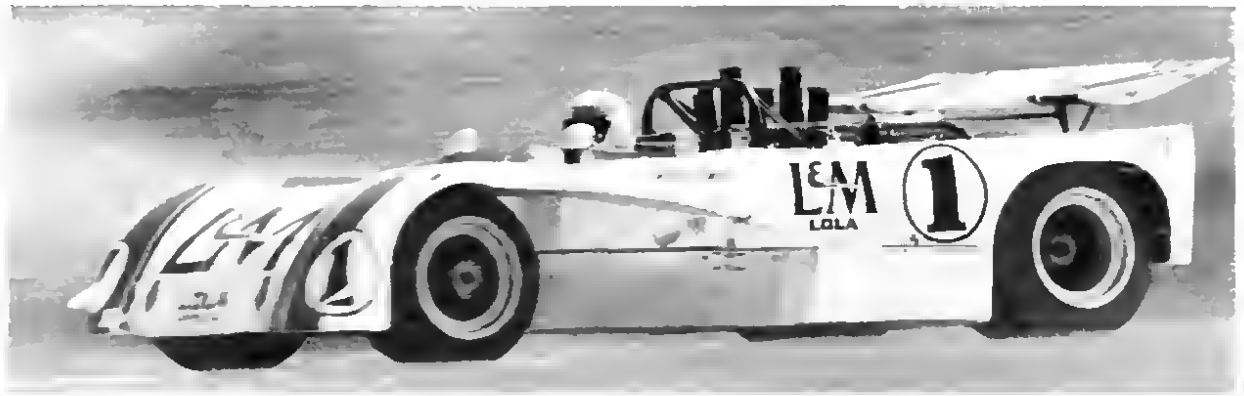

Booming about between races and business deals, world champ Jackie Stewart is the best, and busiest, driver of all. He wins most, loses a few—as he did in his Can-Am car above—but he has discovered

How to last eleven laps—and be happy

The race was an absolute grind: broiling Midwestern sun and a bumpy track. A few of the drivers had appealed to cut the distance down from 192 miles to, say, 120, but the officials had insisted that they go all the way. Off they roared and, sure enough, the first driver gave up with heat exhaustion on the 27th lap, a number of others following. And as if that were not enough, his mechanics had shaken their heads sadly over the condition of his car, and had cautioned him to take it easy, which is not his usual style. Through most of the race he followed instead of leading. When it was over, he was drenched with sweat and had lost six pounds. But Jackie Stewart (*see cover*) won it. When world champion Jackie Stewart races, he races to win.

That was almost two weeks ago at the Mid-Ohio Canadian-American Challenge Cup race in Lexington, Ohio. In the days to follow, Stewart popped up in Cleveland for a business breakfast, in Toledo for lunch and a bit of golf, in Akron to screen a TV commercial, in Chicago for six or seven personal appearances, he can't remember exactly, and in Mosport, Ontario, to drive tire tests for Goodyear, running in two days the equivalent of two or three more races. When all that was over there was another quick plane trip. Finally, Stewart looked up last weekend and figured that—if this were Sunday, it must be Elkhart Lake, somewhere in Wisconsin.

It was: the sixth race on the 1971 Can-Am circuit, a high-paying series that stars big-horsepower, two-seater, 190-mph sports cars on road courses calculated to shake them to pieces. The Mid-Ohio race a week before had been Stewart's second victory in the Can-Am season, and the entire series serves as a sort of sporting punctuation to the Formula 1 Grand Prix races—in which he already has won five and the world championship.

One might think that winning the world title would be enough reason for a man to take it easy and count his endorsements. Besides, there appears to be no way Stewart can win this new round. Can-Am is dominated, practically owned and locked up tight, by an outfit called Team McLaren, whose cars are the pride of the circuit and whose chief driver is the formidable Denis Hulme. The McLarens, in fact, had won 33 of the last 38 events.

So why race in Wisconsin? What makes the world's best driver run? It is not money: Stewart has loads of the stuff and husbands it well. He owns a rambling villa in Switzerland and is festooned with high-paying contracts and investments; he has so much money, when he races in Europe he brings along his own personal physician, and when he feels tense he flies in a masseur from Amsterdam to give him rubdowns. Never mind money. Jackie Stewart races for all the usual reasons: he is very good at it, he is a qualified technician at the game, he is a professional. But finally—he admitted it after arriving at Elkhart Lake last weekend—he is a romantic.

Fellow race driver Tony Adamowicz, who doubles as vice-president of a puckish group called Polish Racing Drivers of America, attributed Stewart's appearance in the American boondocks to something more than that. "He's really great," said Adamowicz. "He brings racing a little bit of class." British driving whiz Jackie Oliver, who charges through the series in a lively American car called "The Shadow," figures Stewart is "the total pro." Says Oliver, "He shows it in various ways. He's got the solid driving technique. He gets the best equipment. And, finally, it's the way he looks at danger. People say he bitches and moans a lot about safety; they say his constant harping on safety has to affect his driving. But what they don't realize is that Jackie is simply making a total profession about driving."

That sounds more like it. But still, there was Stewart over dinner, with that carelessly coiffed, sort of runaway hair-

continued

do tumbling down about the collar of his yellow turtleneck sweater, admitting that—for all the dour qualities attributed to the Scots—he was still enthusiastic over the scene. He likes to think of automobile racing, he said, the same way most fans do: "The crowds pressing in close around the twisting, winding streets of, say, Monte Carlo. The movie people are there, just back from the film festival at Cannes. The jetsetters are milling around the Casino. It is rubbing shoulders with Europeans who regard Grand Prix racing the same way American fans do the Indianapolis 500. The lights, the sounds, the smells." Stewart regards winning races as suitably romantic, but winning at Monaco as a special sort of treat.

"It's the start of the Riviera season," he says, allowing himself a smile that crinkles up his craggy face. "Everything is spring-fresh. Nothing is spoiled. Everybody's sparkling and new."

All right, then: the little corduroy newsboy cap Stewart fancies, the trick hairdo are certainly glamorous in their way, but how does one tie that in with being the best race driver in the business today?

Stewart figures it is because he is both smart enough and Scot enough to mix in a bit of innate pessimism. "I've never felt confident going into a race in my life," he said. "People are always saying that if you're not confident, you're not going to win. But a man who is *that* confident is never anyone up there where the strong competition is."

Having paid his touch of lip service to pessimism, Stewart went back to being an enthusiast the next day. The Elkhart Lake Road America course is a rural, lavishly beautiful spread, with 13 corners snaking through rich meadows and trees. And Stewart, after eight or nine runs around it to figure out his downshifts, then took one more turn around with a tape recorder, dictating his impressions of the course so they could be broadcast over the P.A. system to the crowds on race day. A romantic touch.

The actual race was something else. As a champion, Stewart can command the best of cars, but his L & M Lola, outfitted with a 750-hp Chevrolet engine, is still not as quick as the brutish McLarens (which also have Chevy engines but apparently unlimited and practically indecent horsepower). In fact, the only reason Stewart had won at the Mid-Ohio the week before was because Hulme had not lasted through the opening lap, snapping a drive shaft just after the getaway. "When you are going into the first corner and the car spins directly in front of you, there are some fairly quick decisions to be made," Stewart said later. And he had decided to drive steadily, if not spectacularly, winning that one by attrition.

Now, at Elkhart Lake, chief competitor Hulme showed up late and grumpy over a sore knee. Not only that, he an-

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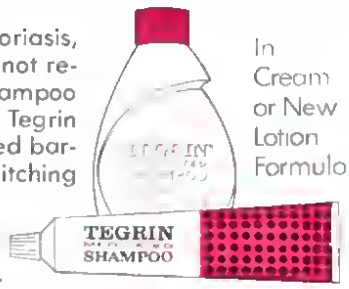

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nounced that Peter Revson, his Team McLaren partner, would show up even later, too late to qualify, and probably would be forced to start at the tail end of the pack. Then Hulme climbed stiffly into his car and cranked out a ferocious 113.688-mph average to take the pole position. Try that one on your romantic instincts.

Stewart did. he fired up the Lola to an average 111.561 mph and rolled it into the third starting spot, just behind Oliver, who was running only a fraction faster. Not bad, considering the fact that the day before the race, Stewart's crew had trucked the Lola over to a nearby Chevrolet garage and installed a new engine. Untested engines can be very tricky and—just before the race began—Stewart was unromantic enough to lean over and confide to a friend at pitside, "I'll be back here in 10 minutes."

The champ's sense of timing was not far off. With 11 laps completed in the 200-mile, 50-lap race, Stewart's red-and-white machine whispered back into the pits with water spewing from the engine seams like a leaky, sinking boat.

Meanwhile, what of the mighty McLarens? Out on the track. Hulme had given up with another broken crankshaft, an event calculated to make him more grouchy than ever. But up roared Revson, who had started from the back of the 32-car pack, as promised. In early going, Revson zinged right to the front and rolled home easily, winning at an average of 109.012 mph for a new track record.

Nearby, in an air-conditioned trailer, Stewart peeled down to his flame-resistant long johns. He pulled off a racing shoe and looked at the sole, pointing out that if the brake pedal wasn't fixed on his car it would soon wear a hole in his foot. Then he sighed: "This is the point in the movie where the winning driver is getting the check and the accolades," he said. "And the *other* driver is back in the trailer getting some girl. That's the way it is in the movies. Well, Jackie Stewart wants to know why it isn't really like that for Jackie Stewart."

He thought it over some more. "You know," he said, "I'm a romantic, all right. But to tell you the truth, I don't know whether I'm a romantic or simply harebrained. I guess if I were to describe myself, I'd say I was a harebrained, romantic young man."

Stewart changed into a pair of shorts and began searching around the trailer for the rest of his clothes. "Buddy, buddy, buddy," he sang to nobody in particular, "what do you suppose has happened to my clothes? I can't leave town dressed like this."

Outside the trailer, a sheriff's car waited, motor running and red light flashing compellingly. It was there to rush the champ to a private jet. Stewart was off again—to Monza, Italy and the next Grand Prix. But this time there would be a stopover in Switzerland for a very important event in his life. He was going to take one day off. **END**

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Still a big fish in a big (Olympic-size) pond

The top U.S. swimmers were in Houston last week for the national championships and, as has so often happened in the past, the topmost turned out to be Mark Spitz, who won four titles and set two world records

He is only 21 years old, yet it sometimes seems that Mark Spitz took over where Johnny Weissmuller left off. Last week he was at it again, winning four events and setting two world records at the national AAU championships in Houston, and longtime Spitz watchers said it was the most amazing performance of an amazing career. At the least, it reestablished Spitz as the cynosure of American swimming, earned him a spot on the U.S. team which left after the meet to tour East Germany and Russia and reinforced the opinion that he is our best bet for a bunch of gold medals at Munich.

When Spitz first showed up at Houston's Glenbrook Olympic Pool, it was obvious he was ready for a big meet. All summer he had been training uncommonly hard at the Arden Hills Swim Club in Sacramento. "I'm in the best condition of my life," he said. His attitude was even more improved. Gone were the last traces of the scowling, temperamental child; here was a smiling young man who was confident to the point of serenity.

"I don't get too nervous anymore," said Spitz, who won his first national title at age 16. "Now when I get up on the starting blocks I stay calm. I concentrate on a piece of weed in the water, or something like that."

All week the temperature in Houston was in the high 80s and low 90s, and the humidity was so oppressive that the swimmers were reluctant to leave the water, which was kept at 78° by 175 tons of special cooling equipment. On successive nights Spitz won the 100-meter butterfly, the 200 freestyle, the 200 butterfly and the 100 freestyle. In a qualifying heat he broke his own world record in the 100 butterfly with a time of 0:55.01. "I'm really happy," he said. "I've been after that record ever since I set it three years ago."

Even more impressive was his performance in the 200 butterfly. On the morning of the race he informed his parents, "I feel tired, I stayed up last night and I don't like this event, anyway." So he went out and qualified with a world-record 2:03.91. That night he broke the record again with a come-from-behind victory over Gary Hall, his Indiana University teammate. With less than 25 meters to go, Spitz seemed beaten, but he put his head down and caught Hall in the last split second. Hall's 2.03.91 tied the record Spitz had set in the morning, but Spitz did 2:03.89. "I still don't like it," he said.

Almost as impressive as Spitz' exploits was the showing made by the swimmers who represented the U.S. in the Pan-American Games earlier in the month. These were the "second-stringers," so called because many of our top swimmers—including Spitz, Hall, Debbie Meyer and John Kinsella—declined to compete in Cali, preferring to stay home, train for the AAU meet and shoot for the more desirable trip to Europe.

"We knew they were calling us the second string and that gave us incentive," said Backstroker Charlie Campbell. "We were really close at the Pan-Am Games, all stuck together 14 in a room, and we've stayed close here. We kind of grew up on the trip. And you notice that some of the guys who stayed here aren't going to Russia."

Campbell won the 200 backstroke at Houston while Mel Nash, another Pan-Am swimmer, took the 100 backstroke. (Asked if he could speak Russian, Nash said, "No, but my sister can, can I take her along?") Rick Colella of the Pan-Am team won the 200 breaststroke, and Tom McBreen, another Cali veteran, upset Kinsella, Mike Burton and Hans Fassnacht to win the 400 freestyle in 4.02.1—a world record.

McBreen, 18, is an erudite pre-med major at USC who calls almost every adult male "sir" and who enjoys reading (last week, *Man's Search for Himself* by Rollo May). He also is so nearsighted that he didn't believe his world record until Frank Heckl, another USC pre-med major who won six gold medals at Cali, handed him his glasses so he could see the scoreboard.

Not to be outdone, the Pan-Am girls picked up their share of medals. Ann Simmons, 18, upset Debbie Meyer and Nancy Spitz (Mark's sister, as she is always introduced) in the 400 freestyle. Deena Deardruff, 14, won the 100 butterfly and Cathy Calhoun, 13, swam the 1,500 in 17:19.2 to break Debbie's world record. "I got a little tight near the end," said the eighth-grader-to-be.

But some of the stay-at-homers did well, too. Hall won both individual medleys and was a close second to Spitz in the butterflys, and Ellie Daniel set a world record in the 200 butterfly. This summer, while living with Debbie Meyer's family in Sacramento, Ellie went on a diet consisting mainly of meat, cottage cheese and fruit. She became known as Eloise Cottage Cheese, but her weight dropped and she, like Spitz, came to Houston in top shape. She set her record (2:18.4) in a heat, then tied it in the final, both she and runner-up Karen Moe being below the old mark.

It also was noteworthy that several champions of long standing found themselves floundering in the wake of new, young up-and-comers. Kinsella didn't win a race, and Burton was shut out until the final night, when he took the 1,500. Brian Job lost both breaststrokes (he holds the world record in the 200) and announced he was going to take a "long, relaxing vacation." And Debbie Meyer was a dismal 14th overall in the 200 freestyle, in which she holds the world record.

After that race Debbie went back to her motel room and cried for 15 minutes. Then she had a long "girl talk" with her mother. "My pride was hurt," Debbie said. "People think that once you're up there on top, nothing can hurt you. But you have feelings, too, like any other human being. When I got back to the motel, I let it all out. I had kept it bottled up too long.

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

"I DON'T LIKE THIS EVENT," SAID SPITZ BEFORE SETTING 200 BUTTERFLY RECORD. "I STILL DON'T LIKE IT," HE SAID AFTER

ARNOLD SPITZ HAD NEW MUSTACHE, SAME OLD GIFT OF GAB

CATHY CALHOUN, 13, BROKE WORLD RECORD IN THE 1,500

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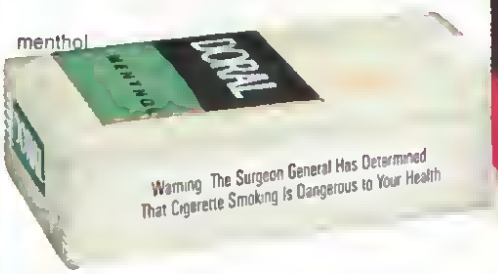

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"For a long time now I've been in a kind of limbo, just kind of hanging in there. I finally realized that I haven't done enough, that I have to make a decision—to get in or get out. I've decided to stay in and now I'm really going to buckle down. Like I had a lot of social life this summer, but now I'm going to cut down on that. It's going to be all seriousness. And if I can make the Olympic team and swim in just one race, I'll be happy."

Spitz' happy summer began when he arrived home in Carmichael, Calif., accompanied by Andy-Up, an Old English sheepdog puppy. Andy-Up weighed six pounds then but now is up to 55 and still growing, which seems to puzzle Stanley, the family dachshund. "Sometimes I get the feeling that Stanley thinks he's shrinking," says Arnold Spitz, Mark's father.

Mark also traded his TR6 for a new Mustang and broke a wedding engagement. An aspiring dentist, he spent much of his free time in the office of a dentist whose son swims with the Spitzes at Arden Hills. Among Mark's other interests is stereo, and he managed to talk the Arden Hills coach, Sherm Chavoor, into buying $1,800 worth of new equipment.

"I had just bought a new set and I was real proud of it," says Chavoor. "But I made the mistake of showing it to Mark and he said right off, 'That's a pile of junk.' Before I knew it he had talked me into dumping that set and buying a whole new outfit. He can be very persuasive."

So can Chavoor, which helps make him one of the finest U.S. coaches. Having been impressed with the way he was bringing along Nancy, Mark began to work out with Chavoor, swimming more hours (about 4½ per day) and yardage (around 8,500 daily) than ever before. For his part, Chavoor handled Mark with kid gloves. He often consulted by phone with Doc Counsilman, Mark's coach at Indiana, and when Mark decided he wanted to skip a workout Chavoor let him.

"He's not a kid anymore, he's a grown man," says Chavoor, "so you have to treat him accordingly. You can't threaten or yell at a Mark Spitz, a Debbie Meyer or a Mike Burton. They've been around too long."

Not everything went smoothly for the Spitz family in Houston. Chavoor had expected Nancy to be a strong contender in the freestyles, but her best was a sixth. Some amateur psychologists said she was intimidated by Mark's success, others said she was trying too hard to please her perfectionist father (SI, March 9, 1970). Arnold Spitz, more conspicuous than ever with his Fu Manchu mustache, seemed puzzled. "Is it my fault?" he kept asking. "If it is, tell me so and I'll stay away from her."

The Spitzes were also involved in a couple of minor controversies. Arnold was so convinced that one of Mark's opponents had jumped the gun in the 200 freestyle that he dashed out of the stands and onto the pool deck. "He ought to be arrested," growled one official. The next day the "false start" was all but forgotten in a hassle over a bathing suit. The Speedo people, who have a virtual monopoly in racing suits, apparently were irritated because Mark insisted on wearing a bright orange suit instead of the Arden Hills team suit. That the orange one happened to be made by another company might also have had something to do with their concern.

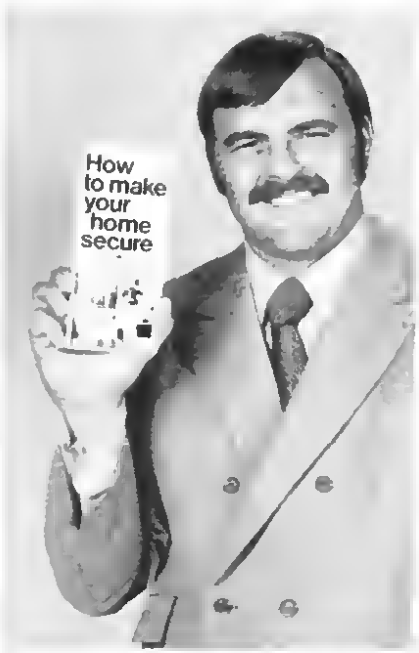
But even this crisis was overcome. Indeed, it was more typical of Mark Spitz' triumphant week that he was warmly received wherever he went. In his days as swimming's *enfant terrible* he often was booed, sometimes by his own teammates. But last week there were cheers every time he climbed up on a starting block or mounted the victory stand to receive another medal. He was constantly besieged by youngsters, especially long-haired girls, who wanted his autograph or simply the chance to see him close up. And his appeal was not restricted to teen-agers. Early in the meet, an elderly lady gave Spitz a dime and a green lollipop for luck.

On another occasion Spitz and his family were eating at a Howard Johnson's near the pool when a waiter, wearing the name tag "Mort-3," approached, bearing two strawberry milkshakes, which Mark had ordered.

"They tell me you set a world record," said Mort-3. "Is that why you need two milkshakes? I am an exchange student from Israel, you know, and I saw you once in the Maccabiah Games."

"A Jewish waiter in Texas!" said Arnold. "No wonder we got waited on quicker than anyone else."

Just no end of amazing things happen when Mark Spitz is around. **END**



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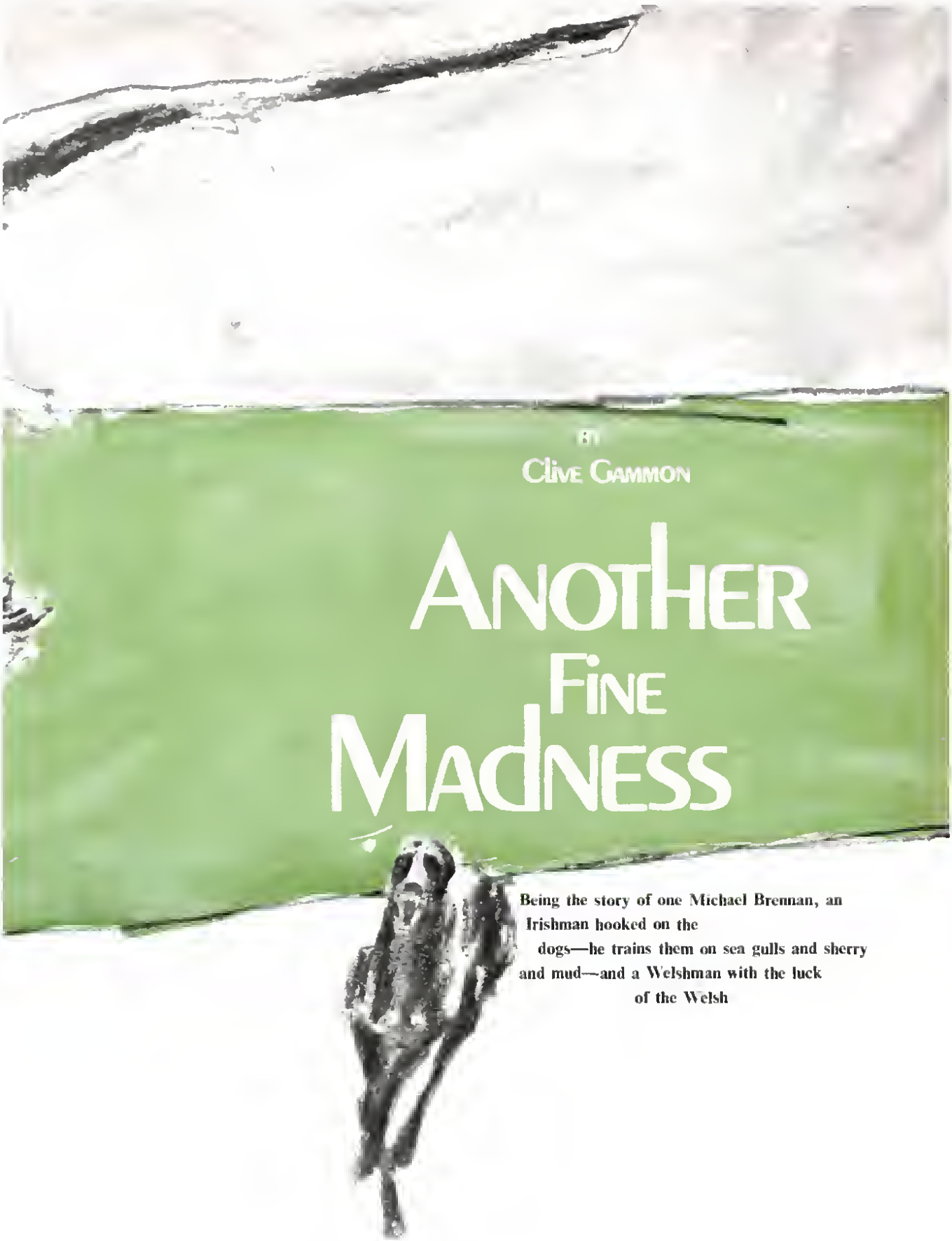

BY

CLIVE GAMMON

ANOTHER FINE MADNESS

Being the story of one Michael Brennan, an Irishman hooked on the dogs—he trains them on sea gulls and sherry and mud—and a Welshman with the luck of the Welsh

CONTINUED

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT CUNNINGHAM

"If I thought he'd eat it," said Michael Brennan sincerely, "I'd buy that bird a bloody herring." The old sea gull heaved itself off the low-tide mud of Colligan estuary and flapped ponderously toward the Drum Hills of Ireland's County Waterford. "Didn't I tell you?" Brennan yelled suddenly. "Watch her now! Watch the little black bitch go!"

In a splatter of mud, a young greyhound, which surely had a name in the studbook of the Irish Coursing Club but would be "the little black bitch" until she raced, turned and gave wild chase to the gull; it was an instant signal for the half a dozen other saplings (hounds no longer puppies but not yet mature enough for the track) to go streaming after her in a daft, pointless, joyful pursuit. The gull gained height slowly, like a very old DC-3, and after a furious quarter mile the saplings gave up, wheeled and hurtled back at us. I made a few passes with the leafy branch Brennan had given me to ward them off, but they were around me and on me in seconds, lending a snappy Dalmatian effect to my shirt and trousers. "Fresh on an hour ago," I mourned to Brennan, but he didn't appear to notice. "Can you imagine," he was exulting, "what the pull of the mud is doing to those back-leg muscles!"

Yes, I could imagine that, all right. I had felt the effect on my own legs as I hauled them through the black, glutinous County Waterford mud, sinking knee-deep at each step, teetering perilously when my boots stuck. (The slob, the Irish call such places, leaving no doubt where the word's more familiar meaning comes from.)

In an hour the Atlantic would come whispering in, transforming the mud into a shimmering mirror of water fit to match the elegiac beauty of the gray and green hills around, but meanwhile Brennan still rhapsodized over the seabirds that were training his dogs for him. "Two herrings, a *box* of herrings, I feel like leaving out for them every morning. . . ." One night soon for sure, you could tell he was thinking, those muscles, toughened in the Colligan mud, would send the black bitch streaking out of the steel trap under the arc lights of the track at Youghal or Clonmel or Cork as the electric hare flashed by. Or even in London or Miami.

This would not be a particularly out-of-the-way dream. Here on the Colligan we were in the heartland of greyhound breeding, just a mile away from Dungarvan town, which must be the only place ever to have erected a marble monument to a racing dog in order, as the *Dungarvan Observer* put it, "that all might read the doings of the greatest dog of all time." In Dungarvan it is not wise to show ignorance of which animal this might be. Master McGrath, the Mighty Black, the Immortal Black, the Irish Wonder, as 19th century sporting buffs loved to call him.

Master McGrath (pronounced "McGraw") won the Waterloo Cup three times and was presented to Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle with a blue ribbon around his

neck. Besides which, he could talk. Leastways according to the ballad sung by Paddy Nolan, whom Michael had introduced to me as "a hell of a great old lover of the greyhounds" in the Dungarvan pub known mysteriously as the High Chaparral. At the Waterloo Cup of 1869, having been insulted by the English favorite, Rose, as to the country of his birth, the Immortal Black had replied via Paddy Nolan's nasal tenor . . .

> " 'I know,' says McGrath, 'we have
> wild heather bogs,
> But you'll find in old Ireland there's
> good men and dogs.
> So lead on, bold Britannia, give
> none of your jaw,
> And shove that up your nostrils,' says
> Master McGrath."

The tales they tell in Dungarvan about his birth and death have already assumed legendary proportions. In one version, like King Cyrus of Persia, Master McGrath was condemned at birth to be drowned—in the Colligan as a weakling—but a perceptive kennel boy refused to obey orders and reared him up secretly. The whereabouts of his grave, like King Arthur's, are uncertain. Some say he is buried at Lurgan in Ulster, others that he lies, God help him, in the gardens of Culford Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, England, where there is also a monument to him, but only in bronze.

In Dungarvan, almost a century after his death, you are never very far away from Master McGrath, and men like Michael Brennan are never far from the dream that they will produce another like him, though the Master was a coursing dog, released to live hares in an enclosure, not a track star. Every evening, on any country road in Ireland, you'll see men exercising greyhounds, part-timers like Michael with the hope that a great fortune is round the corner. And not too wild a hope either. Any one of the saplings that Michael was now hammering to the limits of their endurance on the Colligan mud could turn out to be what he calls in audible capitals A Classic Winner.

Not that it was likely that he, Michael Brennan, would ever pose self-consciously himself for news pictures clasping the trophy for the English Oaks or the Flagler International, a sleek and beautiful winning greyhound at his side. Like thousands of other Irishmen, mad about the dogs, he is a primary producer—a breeder, on a small scale, who trains some of his promising pups in the finest country in the world for it, selling most of them, but keeping and racing a few. The pups are sold mostly in England, and the sums involved are not large. The most money Michael ever had in his hand at once, he says, was 1,350 pounds, and that was for two dogs. But though the greyhounds he breeds may be sold twice or three times over, to an agent in Dublin, to an English buyer, to an eventual owner, in Michael's mind they remain his forever.

The saplings crashed through the watercourse as he whistled them up again, and stood around him, tongues lolling out, rib cages showing starkly as they heaved for breath, slim hounds out of medieval tapestries. The little black bitch shoved her nose in for a special rub. "She has the look of Mister Motion, a dog I once bred, you know?" Michael said. "He ran five races for me and he won four out of five, but I was building my house at the time and I was very short of money so I took him up to the sales in Dublin. I reckoned he was worth 500 pounds, but that day I'd have sold him for anything I could get so I came home with 350. He went to England and he won a mint of money in open races at the White City Stadium in London. I've got the name of the owner and the trainer written down somewhere," he said with a wistful pride. "I've had second in the English Derby and another second in the Oaks and all manner of other races. . . . Well, by God, look at the country they were trained in."

We were leaving the slob behind us now, crossing into a little oakwood that gave onto meadows thick with hay. The saplings quartered the undergrowth, looking for anything that moved. "How in hell could you raise a greyhound in a backyard in London?" Michael asked as the long, wet grass swished the mud from our boots and the sweet, heavy coconut scent of the furze filled the air. "He wouldn't know what to do if you set him loose. A real greyhound is a chaser and a killer, he'll take off after anything and tear it to pieces if he has the chance. Then you put him into training, he's locked up and exercised morning and evening. But he's longing, longing for this open ranging he knew in the old days and when you take him to the track he'll break his neck to go after the hare because it's so long since he's had the chance of chasing and tearing anything." The saplings picked up an old fox scent and poured across the hayfield after it.

"I'll take them back now," Michael said, "and they'll be flopped out for the rest of the day. They couldn't even take a bit of meat, just lap some milk maybe." He whistled them in and got them onto leather leashes. We came out of the farm gate and onto the road below his house.

Joan Brennan was standing by the gate that Michael had had surmounted by a fine wrought-iron silhouette of a greyhound going flat out. "You'd never credit the number of men who stop for a chat when they see the old dog up there," he said, dodging a hard look he was getting from Mrs. B. "There's people in Ireland interested in horses and fishing and there's some that's even keen on chickens. But there's far more, I'm telling you, that's mad on the dogs."

"Why," said Mrs. Brennao inexorably, "are you wearing your best pants?"

"I only married her, you know, to have somebody to feed the pups when I'm working," said Michael, still not meeting her in the eye. "You'd better come in to your

continued

lunch, then," she said, neatly parrying his clearly antique domestic jest. She let her eye wander coolly over my mud-bespattered clothes as well. "And you might as well bring Mr. Jinx in with you."

"I've—er—promised to meet some people in Dungarvan, Mrs. Brennan," I said. Michael looked up at this unexpected treachery on his flank. I was not retreating because of my appearance, though, but because I knew why she called me a jinx.

"Be back as fast as you can, then, if you want to see Rommel's Legacy get his special feed," Michael said. "I have to be at work by 2:30."

"Maybe it would be better if I steered clear of Rommel until after tomorrow?" I said carefully.

Joan Brennan did not come forward eagerly to brush this suggestion aside, but Michael said, "The only sure thing about luck is that it changes."

"I'll take a chance on that, then," I said, "and I'll be back around two."

I'd first met Rommel's Legacy a month before, a big, brindled dog, the pride of his kennels. "He's a genuine old fella," Michael had told me, "but he had a terrible bit of bad luck last year after he'd won three times at Shelbourne Park in Dublin He broke a toe out on the bog and that would have been the end of any ordinary class of greyhound. But the old lad, he's always had a great heart, so we sent him up to the vet in Dublin, and I told him, keep the dog with you till he's really right. So he kept him for a fortnight and that cost a good bit of money but, I'll tell you something, we got more back last Wednesday night."

"How was that?"

"Well, we gave him a few schooling trials and we knew, just a few of us, that he was right back on form, so we took him back up to Shelbourne Park again Wednesday, didn't we, me old love, and we got 5 to 1 on him and he did it easy. Six hundred yards in 34.15 seconds, and he was five hours in the car traveling up, lying on the hack seat and never taking an ounce of energy out of himself. He's a great one to come from behind, you know, he was never one of the jadey ones that give up if they have a bit of a shouldering on the bends " Rommel looked up with calm brown eyes at this praise.

Always one for the quick judgment, I'd lingered my wallet and said, "When is he racing again?"

He was racing again, as it happened, at Waterford that night. "He'll start favorite, though," warned Michael, and so he did, which didn't prevent him from coming in fourth, causing me to transfer a number of those pretty green Irish pound notes with the wistful picture of Cathleen Ni Houlihan on the front to a Mr. Jerry Condon, 17 Green Street, Waterford, Turf Accountant.

It was a month since that happened, and in my absence Rommel had been three times up to Shelbourne Park again for three straight wins. Now I was firmly down as a jinx in the mind of Mrs. Joan Brennan. Despite this regrettable circumstance, there I was after lunch, reporting back to the Brennans', and due, with Michael and Joan, to watch Rommel race at Clonmel next evening, no doubt as odds-on favorite.

In midsummer Joan Brennan's front garden is ablaze with crimson and yellow roses, and the lawn is a soft green. Her domain obviously stopped abruptly here, though, for the quarter acre behind the house looked as the Arizona desert might appear were it located in County Waterford. Not many blades of grass poked above the baked earth surface and the centerpiece was the carcass of a cow picked nearly clean so that the white ribs showed through.

"Ireland's a great country for casualties, you know," said Michael earnestly, explaining this macabre sight. "Like a cow might be milked this morning and dead in the field with grass tetany this evening Or," he said vaguely, "she could break a leg. And the vet's a great old pal of mine so he drops me the quick word and I'm there, dragging her aboard the hearse in five minutes " He jerked a thumb at an old wooden trailer lying on its side. "It's beautiful meat," he said defensively, though I hadn't said a word. "You could eat it yourself."

I could just imagine the precise Mrs Brennan cutting a neat steak from a cow dead of tetany.

Michael and I walked through the backyard to the kennels that were as sweetly kept as the grounds were ravaged. "When you think about it," Michael said seriously, "I don't suppose it's possible to have a garden and greyhounds at the same time." The sacrifice did not seem to distress him much.

Rommel's Legacy looked in good shape, I thought, when we visited him inside. He got up in dignified fashion from the straw and gave us a grave, silent greeting. "He never gets excited until I take him outside and he sees the car," Michael said. "Then all he does is rear up on his hind legs and pull. He knows it's time now for his feed but he isn't making a fuss like some dogs would. Come inside with me till I make it up."

At the Brennans', greyhounds had not only taken over the backyard; their empire extended into the house as well, where Michael had turned one room into a kind of dogs' superkitchen. In the center stood a gleaming new deepfreeze which, when he opened it, proved to be crammed with hunks of red meat. "All condemned," said Michael with satisfaction, "but you could. . . ."

"Eat it yourself," I said.

"You're perfectly correct," said Michael, "but of course steak on its own isn't enough for a dog when he's running." He brought out a pail and showed me a pound of coarsely chopped steak in it. "Now that," he said, "has been, what's the word, marinating since this morning early, with two tablespoonfuls of Glucodin to tenderize it."

No wonder I'd lost my money on Rommel's Legacy if his steak had to be *tenderized* for him. "Doesn't he just gulp it down anyway?" I asked Michael.

"Listen," he said, "I want that dog to use no energy at all except on racing. I don't want him all worn out *digesting food*. And I can tell you, what I'm going to put in now on top of that is bloody explosive!"

As fussily as a master chef, he assembled his ingredients around him. A pint and a half of breakfast cereal went into the pail, a glass of brown sherry (to give it a bit of a tang, said Michael), a spoonful of honey. He juggled an egg in the half shells to separate out the yolk. "No yolk," said Michael. "Too hard to digest." The white slid into the gooey mess. "Looks pretty appetizing, eh?" he said, stirring it around and poking it under my nose.

"You could eat it yourself," I said, fighting back the shudders.

"And finally," he announced, "the secret ingredient!" From a glass jar on the shelf he took four big white capsules and dropped them into the feed.

"Don't worry, Michael," I said. "I won't say a word about this." Clearly the reason that Rommel had failed at Waterford was that he hadn't been given his fix. So it was right, what people said about greyhound racing. And no wonder he was such a calm, dignified dog. Stoned out of his mind, I supposed.

"It's not as secret as all that," Michael said, possibly a little surprised at my intensity. "A lot of people round here use them."

I couldn't take that. "In *Dungarvan*?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "You get them in the chemist's."

"Give me a look at that jar," I said. The label said "Multivite. Containing vitamins A, B complex, C and D."

Michael finally saw what was in my mind. He was shocked. "Everybody's the same," he said sorrowfully. "Greyhound racing has this awful image, drugs, criminals on the track and all that. It might have been so a long time ago but not now. Let me tell you," he said, breaking into audible capitals again, "that you'll find Company Executives of the Highest Calibre at somewhere like the White City. Though I'll admit that until last year in Ireland the clergy couldn't attend a track meeting without the permission of the Bishop."

"But listen," I said, "isn't it true that dogs get doped to run fast?"

Michael looked at me as if I were some kind of child. "It's a hell of a sight easier to make them run slow," he said. "It's very rare to find dogs being given stimulants like caffeine or Benzedrine. If you're a serious greyhound man and you want to stay in the game, it's just not worth it, pushing or driving a dog. There's a great man on the

tracks, Paddy Dempsey of Castleconnell, and he's won everything including the English Derby. He says there's only one way to get a dog right for a big race, and that's to see he's in great healthy shape at his right weight and nothing will make him run better than that."

Michael does have this tendency to bridle somewhat if you suggest there could be something crooked in greyhound racing. "And there's all those wild tales," he went on, "about owners giving their dogs big feeds of black pudding or sausage before a race if they have a favorite and they want to back another animal. They can't do it because it will show up on the scales—a dog under 60 pounds is only allowed to vary two pounds in weight from the previous trial. Mind, nobody wants a young dog to be doing extraordinary speeds straight off. You want him winning in, say, 31.50 seconds first off. Then you get him working towards 31.20, 31 seconds, 30.70 and so on. He'll be getting more experience and getting his brain adjusted nice and he may break 30 seconds in the end.

continued

"But black pudding's no use. What's been known is to leave a dog out in the sun all day till he's not feeling too good. Then he's given a pint of milk and galloped through the bogs for a while. He won't go so fast after that."

He turned back to fixing Rommel's lunch. "Did you notice the way I slipped the honey in, now?"

"No, not specially," I told him.

"I warmed the spoon so it would slide off quick. If you've got a nine till 5:30 job like me and a kennelful of greyhounds as well, you find that every second counts."

Joan Brennan had come in behind us. "He's well used to that," she said. "He's a time and motion man down in the Dungarvan leather factory. You ought to see the way he has it all worked out. As he's driving home in the evening he whips his tie off, and his cuff links, and he's wriggling out of his jacket before the motor's switched off and rolling up his sleeves as he runs in through the door to boil milk for the pups' tea. Honest to God, he's animal crazy. We went to Dublin last summer for a fortnight's holiday and the first day he moped around, the second day he took us to the zoo and the third day we were back in Dungarvan. He said he'd go crazy if he had to stay in the city any longer." Oddly, though, she didn't look as if she minded too much.

"Ah, go 'way," said Michael. "You were as glad to be back as I was." He turned to me. "Don't let her be codding you. She loves the dogs as much as I do, watch her tomorrow night. If we couldn't have got a baby-sitter and she'd had to stay home, she'd be listening for us coming back and have the front door open the minute she heard the car, wild to know if we won. She feeds those pups twice in the day and she exercises the racing dogs. . . ."

"It's all time and motion here as well," said Mrs. B. "Do you know he's up every morning at half-six and he's feeding and exercising the dogs and grabbing his own breakfast. He takes 10 minutes to bolt his lunch and spends the rest of his break on the dogs. Then in the evening he's up with them till midnight. We have a long lie-in on Saturday mornings—till eight—and there's Mass on Sunday morning, but the rest of the weekend. . . ."

"Well, there's no racing on Sundays, you see," said Michael reasonably, "so it gives you the chance to school and train the dogs and sort out the kennels and, er, look after their nails, and so on."

It was time for me to withdraw again. "Six-thirty tomorrow then," I said. "Rommel's is the last race," Michael told me, "but we'll see the whole card. I've got one or two ideas we might toy with."

Mrs. Brennan looked at me as if she thought I ought to spend the intervening period in a penitential hair shirt to make sure my baleful influence changed for the better. "Three times in a row, he's won," she said significantly. I got the message.

"I'm on your side," I said sincerely.

"That's what worries me," she said.

Nevertheless I was there next evening as they drove out of town. We made due obeisance to the Master McGrath monument on the Clonmel Road that twisted through the rocky foothills of the Comeragh Mountains along the tumbling, trout-filled Nier River, Rommel quiescent in the back seat with Joan. The white cottages grew denser, became gray streets, and we were into Clonmel. I could have found the track by following the cloth-capped, blue-suited men making purposefully in one direction, turning at last into a narrow entry just below a pub announcing itself in clear primary colors as The Greyhound Inn. We parked in a meadow, and Michael went off with the dog.

The Clonmel track, like most other Irish ones, is small scale, functional, a little down at heel. "There's big horse racing at Limerick tonight," Joan said, "so there won't be many here." Indeed, the covered concrete steps that were the central feature had maybe a couple of hundred people standing on them, mostly men in caps with weathered faces, but there were a good many children and one hawk-faced, aristocratic woman in a tan trouser suit.

Michael came back after leaving Rommel in the tight security of the kennels. "What have we got for the first?" I asked him.

"Hold yourself in for the third," he said. "It's only the ijjits bet on every race."

But the kennel boys were parading their charges, and the No. 2 dog in the blue coat looked good to me. I sneaked away to the tote for a modest bet, taking my place in the queue at the 60 new pence window behind a lot of little boys, one or two of whom couldn't have been seven years old. "Twice on No. 2," I whispered professionally, sliding away with my tickets and hastening back to the stand. "The dogs are in the traps," the rickety P. A. system wheezed. There was the distant rattle of the electric hare; I leaned forward as it flashed by and tripped the lock of the trap, and there was a blur of color.

The absurd thing about greyhound racing is the actual speed at which you lose your money. Less than 18 seconds it takes the dogs to cover 300 yards in the short races like this one. There are probably roulette wheels that take longer than this to decide the fate of your money. What almost makes up for the losing of it, though, is that glorious and dynamic moment when the dogs leave the trap, orange-, white-, red-, blue- and black-clad animals in a classic frieze. Presumably this consolatory effect dies away after a few occasions.

Brennan was smiling in a somewhat self-satisfied way, I thought, when I rejoined him. He said, "Joan's the same. Got to have something on every race. Same result, too."

"Where is she now?" I asked.

"Placing her bet on the second, of course," he said. "Now give me your card." We studied the third together. "The vet's got a dog in this one. That's Liam O'Donnell I was telling you about, the fella that gets me the dead

continued

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cows. Fenian Venture, that's him. In trap six. Where are you going?" he said.

"To get my money on, of course."

"Just wait a minute now," said Brennan. "We have to consider No. 2, Bogside Larch. Ran first on this track last week over the same distance. So what do we do?"

"Back 'em both?" I hazarded.

He gave me one of his patient looks. "No," he said, "we'll back the two of them for first and second place. That means . . . never mind," he said. "Just go up to the window and ask them for six and two reversed."

Coming back from the tote, I bumped into Joan. "Six and two reversed," I muttered to her out of the corner of my mouth.

"Is that right?" she said credulously, speeding up for the window. She rejoined us on the terrace as the robot hare started its blind circuit again, and again there was the brilliant explosion and a tide of dogs surging away around the track, the kennel boys racing across the inner grass to be there for them at the finish.

We won, all right, Fenian Venture first, Bogside Larch second.

"Where are you going *now*?" Michael asked. I told him I was going to collect my winnings and put them straight on Rommel. Joan twitched distinctly.

"The bookies aren't even quoting him yet," Michael said. "Relax and watch the racing." With his eye on me, I stayed away from the betting until, as the sun dropped and the lights came on, the runners for the last race paraded on to the track, Rommel in the black and white stripes of No. 4. We slipped away to the bookies but he was odds on at 4 to 6. "The tote," said Michael, and we got our money on there "No. 2's a grand little dog as well," said Michael. So we linked him with Rommel in a double for a saver. Blunt Hope, his name was.

"I'll see you later," I told Michael. I left the stand and walked down to the rails by the trap. I wanted to see the start at close quarters and, anyway, from my limited experience, it was obvious that 99% of the time the first dog away won the race.

Greyhound racing is a very quiet sport. Nobody shouts "they're off," and there is little applause. And in this silent tension, Rommel came clear away as the trap sprang. "By Jesus, up and away like a cock angel," somebody near me couldn't help exclaiming. And I was thinking, I'm a jinx no more.

Just after that, something terrible happened. Rommel was in front at the first bend, a good two lengths clear. And then, just as he reached the sprint box from which they start the 300-yard races, he stopped dead for an instant.

"And then didn't you see the aul' hero," Michael was saying in the Greyhound Inn half an hour later, "the way he almost got in front again on the last straight! But there was no way through for him."

"They ought to do something about that bloody hare," said a sympathizer from behind his stout. "It was going *slow*, do you know that? The poor bloody dog stopped because he was windin' himself up to spring on the hare. He thought he was going to grab it."

"'Tis the lights," said another apologist. "They had him all confused."

"Let me get you a drink," I said to Joan Brennan. I had considered other speeches, but this seemed the best.

"I'll have a gin and tonic," she said, "and a firm promise you'll not be within 20 miles of Waterford track next Saturday night."

So the last evening I spent with Michael was driving north up the valley of the Blackwater, the road a luminous green tunnel with oak boughs locking overhead and the sunlight filtering through. We were still debating the mystery of Rommel's weird failure. "He could have thought that the sprint box was the finish line," Michael offered. We pondered this in silence awhile. "Anyhow, the hell with it," said Michael suddenly. "We'll see how he goes at Waterford next week. He won't be racing too many times after this. He's getting on a bit."

We left the main road and swung down a lane where the green gloom deepened. "What will happen to him?" I asked, knowing the usual fate of a spent greyhound, the hole dug ready, the crack of a .22 in the morning.

"He's been a great old hero," Michael said. "We'll let him finish his time out easy on Brett's farm. It's all been arranged."

We climbed clear of the trees to open country and pulled in at a farm gate. "This won't take long," Michael said. "Just a few saplings they keep for me up here." We walked through into a field high with summer grass, white cow parsley and creamy meadowsweet spilling out of the hedges. At its end, where a few apple trees grew, a dozen young greyhounds, black and white, brindled and tan, gamboled and rolled, innocent in Eden. When they saw us they came bounding up. Michael singled out a black dog with a white star on its forehead. "That's the fella I'm after," he said, slipping a leash on him.

"You'll take him now?" said a man who had followed us down from the farmhouse.

"Yes," said Michael, "he can say goodby to it all now." He put his hand under the dog's jaw and lifted his head. The scent of the meadowsweet was heavy in the evening air. Little white puff balls of cloud tumbled across the sky. "Take a last look at old Ireland," he said.

"Why should he?" I asked.

"He's sold. Nine o'clock flight from Cork in the morning," Michael said. "A new life at the White City for this lad."

The latest emigrant bound for the acid air of London, the pale faces shouting in alien accents, the harsh lights of the track.

"Good luck to him," I said. **END**

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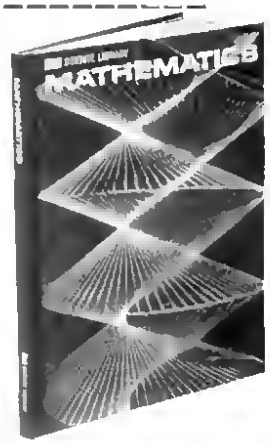

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 24-30

AUTO RACING—PETER REVSON won the Road America race at Elkhart Lake, Wis. for Team McLaren's fourth victory in six Can-Am races this season *(page 43)*

BASEBALL—TAIWAN scored nine times in the ninth inning to beat Gary, Ind. 12–3 in the Little League World Series championship game in Williamsport, Pa. Winning Pitcher Hsu-Chin-tsu struck out a record 22 batters. Losing Pitcher Lloyd McClendon ended up with five home runs and five walks in his 10 trips to the plate during the series.

PUERTO RICO scored six runs in the sixth to rout Mount Healthy, Ohio 12–3 in Albuquerque and became the first team from outside the continental U.S. to win the Babe Ruth World Series.

BOWLING—LD LUTHER of Racine, Wis. totaled 5,963 pins in 28 games for a 213 average to win the men's all events gold medal in the FIQ world amateur bowling championship in Milwaukee, while ASHI GONZALEZ of San Juan, Puerto Rico took the women's title with a 188 average. The U.S. totaled five gold, two silver and one bronze medal in the quadrennial event.

BOXING—Mexico's two world champions JOSE NAPOLES (welterweight) and RUBEN OLIVARES (bantamweight) won nontitle bouts in Los Angeles. Napoles knocked out Jean Josselin of France in the fifth round, while Olivares survived a third-round knockdown to KO Valentin Galeano of Paraguay in the ninth.

FOOTBALL—Undefeated CINCINNATI gained its fourth straight NFL exhibition victory, edging St. Louis 22–21 in the last two minutes on Virgil Carter's 11-yard TD pass to Eric Crabtree and Horst Muhlmann's extra-point kick. Muhlmann scored the rest of the Bengals' points with five field goals. MINNESOTA beat Pittsburgh 26–21 as Fred Cox booted four field goals, and DALLAS defeated Houston 28–20, it was the fourth victory for each team. Oiler rookie Lynn Dickey (Kansas State) completed 14 passes for 295 yards and two touchdowns, but Cornell Green's 40-yard return of an intercepted Dickey pass for a touchdown clinched the game for the Cowboys. In the first pro game ever played in Notre Dame Stadium, 43,568 (three-fourths capacity) watched CHICAGO hand Cleveland its fourth loss, 20–19. Bear fullback Jim Grabowski, released recently by the Packers because of "slow recovery from knee surgery," gained 81 yards on 10 carries and scored on a 47-yard run. The New York Giants also lost for the fourth time, bowing to PHILADELPHIA 26–14 as Lee Bouggess scored two touchdowns, one on a 52-yard run. MIAMI won its first game, beating Detroit 28–24 when Bob Griese passed a 13-yard touchdown pass to Paul Warfield with 80 seconds to go. The other three Dolphin touchdowns were scored by Jim Kiick on short runs. ATLANTA defeated Buffalo 35–24. BALTIMORE beat Washington 20–14 and OAKLAND edged Green Bay 17–13 as Daryle Lamonica, playing his first game of the season, threw a 58-yard TD pass. Dennis Partee's five field goals and John Hadl's 17 pass completions for 226 yards and one touchdown boosted SAN DIEGO to a 22–7 victory over winless New Orleans. Denver, also without a victory, lost to undefeated SAN FRANCISCO 34–17 as Bruce Gossett booted three field goals and rookie Joe Reed (Mississippi State) threw a 48-yard touchdown pass. Ex-Packer Travis Williams returned the opening kickoff 93 yards for a touchdown and LOS ANGELES went on to defeat New England 31–21.

GOLF—DEWITT WEAVER beat Phil Rodgers 71–77 in the finals to win the $200,000 National Match Play Championship at Pinehurst, N.C. *(page 12)*

HARNESS RACING—France's UNE DE MAI (3:34.0) ridden by Jean-Rene Gougeon swept the international series at New York's Roosevelt Raceway by taking the $30,000 Roquepine Trot by a neck over Canada's mare Fresh Yankee in an event-record time of 2:33[3], over the 1¼-mile course. The 7-year-old bay mare, who also nipped Fresh Yankee in Roosevelt's $125,000 International a week earlier, boosted her record earnings to $1,315,855.

HORSE RACING—REST YOUR CASE ($15), Jacinto Vasquez up, won the $128,925 Hopeful at Saratoga over favored Governor Max *(page 40)*

SOCCER—The ATLANTA Chiefs tied the Washington Darts 1–1 to take the Southern Division title of the North American Soccer League, while the ROCHESTER Lancers won their second consecutive Northern Division title by tying Bangu of Brazil 1–1. The two runners-up, the New York Cosmos in the North and the Dallas Tornado in the South, will meet the Chiefs and the Lancers in the playoffs for the league championship.

SOFTBALL—STRATFORD, Conn. won its eighth Women's National Fast Pitch tournament in Orlando, Fla., beating defending champion Orange, Calif. 1–0 on Joan Joyce's no-hitter.

SWIMMING—MARK SPITZ of the Arden Hills (Calif.) Swim Club won four titles and set two world records, in the 100-meter butterfly (0:55.01) and the 200-meter butterfly (2:03.89), at the National AAU championships in Houston *(page 46)*. Other world records in the four-day meet were set by TOM McBREEN of the Golden Gate (Calif.) Swim Club in the 400-meter freestyle (4:02.08), by 13-year-old CATHY CALHOUN of the El Monte (Calif.) Swim Club in the 1,500-meter freestyle (17:19.20), and by ELLIE DANIEL of Arden Hills in the 200-meter butterfly (2:18.40).

TENNIS—KERRY MELVILLE of Australia defeated Françoise Durr of France 6–3, 6–7, 7–6 in the finals of the $20,000 Virginia Slims Grass Court championship at Newport. It was the first all-foreign final in 18 tournaments on the women's tour.

ROD LAVER, who is skipping the U.S. Open at Forest Hills despite a return to form, won two tournaments in four days, beating Roy Emerson 6–7, 7–5, 6–1 in the finals of the Bocage International in Baton Rouge and John Newcombe 6–2, 6–4 in the CBS Tournament of Champions on Hilton Head Island, S.C.

TRAP SHOOTING—RALPH DAVIS of Lorain, Va. won the Grand American Handicap—the world's biggest trapshoot—by breaking 48 of 50 targets in a shootoff with a record eight other contestants, during the 72nd Grand American tournament at Vandalia, Ohio.

MILEPOSTS—ANNOUNCED: By New Jersey Governor William T. Cahill, that the NEW YORK GIANTS would leave Yankee Stadium for a new stadium in the Hackensack Meadowlands after the 1974 season. The Giants signed a 30-year lease to play in the $200 million sports complex that will be built in East Rutherford, N.J. Owner Wellington T. Mara claimed that he was moving his club to give the Giants their first "real home" after 46 years of renting New York baseball stadiums.

RETIRED: STEVE THOMPSON, 26, a starting defensive tackle of the New York Jets for three seasons. Thompson said he found certain elements of the pro football lifestyle no longer acceptable.

SIGNED: By the Toronto Argonauts of the Canadian Football League, Defensive Back TIM ANDERSON of Ohio State, the No. 1 draft choice of the NFL San Francisco 49ers, to a three-year contract. Anderson joins Joe Theismann and former Buckeye teammate Jim Stillwagon on the team.

DIED: JIM TURNESA, 57, former PGA champion and one of seven golfing brothers, of lung cancer, in Elmsford, N.Y. In 1942, as an unknown Army corporal, he beat Ben Hogan and Byron Nelson in early match-play rounds of the PGA championship before losing in the finals to Sam Snead. Turnesa, who was regarded as one of the finest putters in the game, finally won the PGA championship 10 years later.

CREDITS

12-14—H. Jane Stewart. 15—James Drake. 17—Wayne Wilson from Image Atlanta. 18—John Iacono. 20, 21—Philadelphia Inquirer, James Furting. 22—Grey Villet LIFE. 26—Tony Triolo. 36—UPI, AP. 40—UPI. 43—Eric Schweikardt. 61—James A. Henry, Dolly Connelly, Jim Vincent, The Oregonian, George W. Wolpert. 62—Bruce Roberts Rapho Guillumette.

FACES IN THE CROWD

JIM HENRY, 30, of Waitsfield, Vt., won the National Whitewater Open Canoe Championships (downriver) on Maine's Ocead River. Racing a 16½' canoe he designed and built himself, Henry completed the 22-mile rapids-filled course in 3:35.21 to win by eight seconds.

DEBBIE HALLE, 16, of Seattle, won the girls' 15-18 gymnastics all-round title in the AAU Junior Olympics at the Air Force Academy. She scored 69 points out of a possible 80, several times receiving grades of nine (out of 10) from judges on individual events.

BOB KOUWE, 23, a former Syracuse University basketball player, birdied two of the final three holes for a 145 (72-73) to win the Francis Ouimet Memorial golf tournament in Auburndale, Mass. by one stroke. He also won New York's Finger Lakes tournament.

STEPHEN DAYTON, 20, of Indianapolis, took the 121-mile senior men's road race in the National Amateur Bicycling Championships at Salem, Ore., covering the distance in 5:41:19.7. Dayton, a junior at Purdue, hopes to compete in the 1972 Olympics.

LARRY (Sam) BLAIR, 13, of Elk Grove, Calif., beat a record field of 272 to win the All-American Soap Box Derby in Akron. He earned a $7,500 college scholarship by racing his Golden Bullet at speeds up to 35 mph on the 953' 9" asphalt course.

CORKY LINFOOT, 20, of Pleasanton, Calif., scored three goals to lead the Green Hill Farm Club of Tulsa to an 8–6 victory over Milwaukee in the finals of the National 20-goal polo tournament. He has overcome the polo handicap of being a natural lefthander.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CANADIAN BACON

Sirs:

Congratulations on an entertaining and humorous article concerning our Canadian Football League (*Dodging the Draft in Canada*, Aug. 23). I was very surprised but glad to see at least one major American sports publication recognize the fact that several top-ranked football draft choices of pro caliber are now under CFL contracts and playing excellent Canadian ball. It's certainly about time the average American sports fan found out how successful and good the sport is in Canada. Indeed, with the import of such stars as Theismann, Stillwagon and McQuay, the impact has been tremendous. The increased ferocity and competition as well as the intensified emotion (among fans and players alike) have truly made the game more exciting. I only hope (plead) that you further continue your coverage of the CFL.

Incidentally, we Torontonians counted on a Grey Cup for the Argonauts in 1970. Although we didn't get it then, you can be sure that this will be the triumphant season! Once again, my compliments on a fine article.

ROLLIN MATSUI

Toronto

Sirs:

Are we $8-per-game loyal American football fans to believe that *all* collegiate stars spurned by the NFL are overnight stars in Canada? Further, are we to assume that all para-Canadian stars relish the Canadian game over the premier institution in the world, the NFL?

The aggregate NFL represents the most finely honed group of athletes in the world. Scouts are paid to replenish the parts of the NFL machine. Would they jeopardize their jobs by letting these young men go North? If the Theismanns, Profits or Worsters had measured up, they would be presently kicking up the sod of good old American artificial turf.

These para-Canadians will soon end their hibernation with one of the world's rude awakenings. Canadian bacon is a poor second to even Pittsburgh's own kielbasa!

ROBERT A. DITLER

Silver Spring, Md.

Sirs:

The Canadian Football League reminds one a lot of the old AFL. Both turned into asylums for disgruntled pros and would-be pros, yet both featured some wild contests using some excitingly different rules. And just like the AFL, the CFL has offered big money for players and publicity. The AFL proved its equality to the Establishment and was soon fused into it. So if the future of the NFL is in expansion, as it seems to be, Canada is Mr. Rozelle's next horizon. Just think of the natural rivalries: Montreal vs. Boston, Hamilton vs. Buffalo, Toronto vs. Detroit . . .

LARS CARLSTEN

Lutherville, Md.

Sirs:

I very much enjoyed your article on Canadian football. I'm glad to hear that young talents such as Joe Theismann have a chance to make good money and play regularly in a league somewhat comparable to the NFL. I'm a San Francisco 49er fan and I've long watched the talents of John Brodie's understudy, Steve Spurrier, go overlooked. Thank you for the refreshing news about college stars who are not being wasted.

DONALD LAWE

Keesler AFB, Miss.

ESCAPE

Sirs:

Steve McQueen (*Harvey on the Lam*, Aug. 23) complains that noise is forcing him to do his cycle riding deeper in the desert. What irony! He loves and popularizes the very machine that has become one of the major noise polluters in this country. If McQueen really wants to cut down the noise, he might begin by junking his motorcycle and advising others to do the same.

DAVID K. SULLIVAN

Washington

Sirs:

In your article on Steve McQueen's great escape you quote him as saying that he is trying to escape from "other people and their noise and their crap." I hope you are imaginative enough to know in which category that would put a major article in a national publication on such an escape. With your help, the Harvey Mushmans of the world will run out of boonies and end up in Adios City.

TIM ROBB

Redlands, Calif.

Sirs:

Great, wonderful, superb! I just want you to know that I enjoy Robert F. Jones' work immensely and hope to see more of it.

GARY N. NELSON

APO New York

GIRLS GOLF WATCHERS WATCH

Sirs:

Thank heaven for little girls! Of course, I'm commenting on the article by Harold Peterson about the young ladies who competed in the U.S. Girls' Junior golf championship (*Formful Win in a Most Formful Affair*, Aug. 23). Here's to them all, the Misses Stacy, Baugh, Alcott, Budke, Horton, *et al.* and may many future links successes be theirs.

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Cincinnati

Sirs:

You goofed! And we're not used to that. On page 48 of the Aug. 23 issue is a photograph of Hollis Stacy being congratulated by another girl whom you have identified as Amy Alcott. We have known Amy for years and that girl is not Amy. We did enjoy the article on the junior championships, however.

DOROTHY BURNS

Santa Monica, Calif.

Sirs:

The girl in the picture extending her congratulations to Junior Champion Hollis Stacy is not Amy Alcott by any means. She is Donna Horton, Kinston's own.

JOHN HARDY

Kinston, N.C.

• For a look at the real Amy Alcott see left.—ED.

STAMPING GROUNDS

Sirs:

Allow me to commend the verve and thoroughness of your article on stamp collector Herman J. (Pat) Herst Jr. of Shrub Oak, N.Y. (*Absolutely Stuck on Stamps*, Aug. 23). About the only thing that might be added is a note about his interest and, sometimes, intervention in U.S. commemorative issues.

Right now Pat is working to have one of the stamps that will mark the 200th anniversary of the American Revolution devoted to a Dutchess (and Putnam) County, N.Y. heroine named Sybil Ludington, described by the late Berton Braley as "a lovely, feminine Paul Revere."

continued

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- Has Rod Laver won a major tournament this year?
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- How can you become a USLTA Umpire?
- Will a Satellite Tournament land you on the moon?
- If you are planning a small indoor club how many members should you have per court?
- Where should you stop your racket on the follow through?
- Is Wimbledon all it's cracked up to be?
- When the tiebreak is used can a tournament eliminate the rest period in a best-of-five set match?
- Will Pancho Gonzalez (a Pro) be allowed to play Davis Cup?
- How do you go about entering a tournament?
- Why is the ITF barring the Contract Pros from playing at Wimbledon and Forest Hills next year?
- What tennis books are recommended for intermediate players?
- If you practice serving from 'fence to fence', will it make your serve more powerful?
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- Who won the Motion Picture Celebrity Tournament?

The answers to these and many other questions are in the September issue of World Tennis

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World Tennis, Dept. S, 8100 Westglen, Houston, Texas 77042

On the evening of Saturday, April 26, 1777, word reached Sybil's father, Colonel Henry Ludington, in charge of the Dutchess militia, at his home in what is now Ludingtonville, that General William Tryon and a British force that had landed on the Connecticut shore were raiding Danbury.

Sybil, then 16, rode off through the spring night to warn and mobilize the countryside. She galloped south over Horse Pond Road to Lake Mahopac, through Red Mills to Peekskill Hollow, then back northward to Hortontown and Pecksville—some 40 miles in all!

Next day, Colonel Ludington led his militia into Connecticut. With other forces, he caught up with the British at Ridgefield and sent them bleeding back to their ships.

If Pat has his way, Sybil will gallop again on one of our 1977 stamps.

TOM MAHONEY

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

LITTERLY SPEAKING

Sirs:

The citizens of Virginia Beach, Va.—who numbered 172,106 in the 1970 Census and are now being joined by some 1,200 people a month—are justly proud of their own identity. Therefore, it is somewhat distressing when a publication with the prestige and reputation for accuracy that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED enjoys locates a highly successful City of Virginia Beach project simply as "outside Norfolk" (*From a Dump of Sorts to a Spot for Sports*, Aug. 23).

Technically, Mount Trashmore is about six miles inside the city limits of Virginia Beach, and it stands as quite a monument to man's efforts to do something worthwhile with his trash. The unique project, conceived by local Engineer Roland E. Dorer, involves high density compacting of refuse with alternate layers of dirt in areas that were unusable. The project was begun in 1967. It has been featured at least three times on nationwide television, there have been numerous newspaper and magazine articles about it, and it has been studied by governmental officials from as far away as Australia.

The 35-acre "mountain" will be capped off at a height of 68 feet (which will be the highest point of land in Virginia Beach) by the end of September. The City of Virginia Beach has acquired surrounding land and already has under way a program to develop a 165-acre public recreation park that will include riding and hiking trails, sailboat and fishing facilities, ball fields, a Soapbox Derby ramp, a huge amphitheater and other facilities.

FRANK L. CREASY

Virginia Beach, Va.

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